

The Grail

A National Popular Eucharistic Monthly

VOLUME 9

FEBRUARY, 1928

NUMBER 10

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\$3.00 the Year

25¢ the Copy

THE GRAIL, a national, popular Eucharistic monthly for the family, is edited and published by the Benedictine Fathers at St. Meinrad, Indiana.

Member of the Catholic Press Association of the United States and Canada.

REV. BENEDICT BROWN, O. S. B., Editor.

REV. EDWARD BERHEIDE, O. S. B., Business Manager.

The price per copy is 25 cents; \$3.00 the year; Canada, 25 cents additional; foreign, 50 cents additional.

Subscribers to THE GRAIL are benefactors of St. Meinrad Abbey. On each day of the year a High Mass is offered up for our benefactors. In November a Requiem is offered up for deceased benefactors.

Entered as second-class matter at St. Meinrad, Indiana, U. S. A. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage, Section 1103, October 3, 1927; authorized June 5, 1919.

Notify us promptly of change of address, and give both the old and the new addresses.

Make all checks, drafts, postal and express money orders payable to "The Abbey Press." Do not use or add any other name.

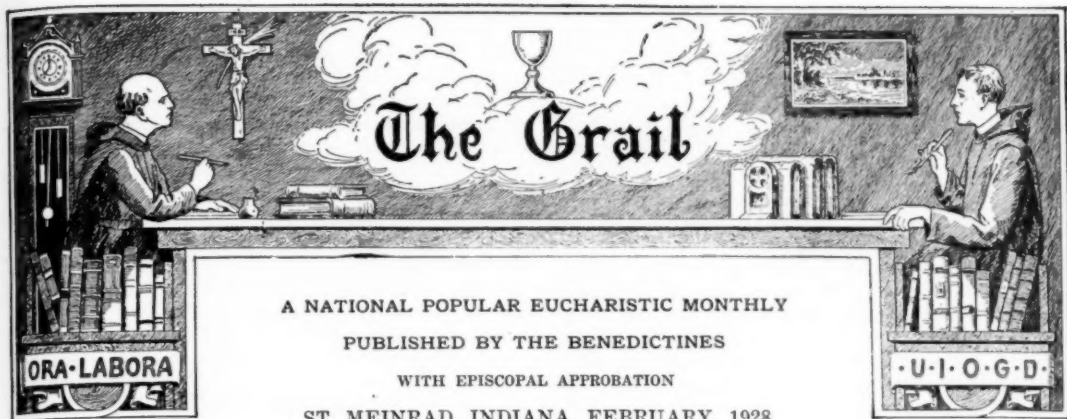
Address manuscripts to the editor.

Address all business letters pertaining to subscriptions, change of address, advertising, etc., to "The Abbey Press," St. Meinrad, Indiana.



THE PURIFICATION

Martin Feuerstein



Official Organ of the INTERNATIONAL EUCHARISTIC LEAGUE FOR THE UNION OF CHRISTENDOM

Church Unity

The movement among Protestants to bring about the unity of all Christians is growing. Weary of the general dissension that prevails, earnest and zealous Christians without the Fold long for unity under the banner of Christ. Catholics, too, eagerly look forward to the day when all men shall be reunited.

But how shall this unity be effected? Protestants put forth the hope that some medium may be found. Catholics have always maintained that there is but one possibility, and this has just been pointed out by the Supreme Head of the Church. In his recent encyclical, or circular letter, to the whole world the reigning Pontiff, Pope Pius XI, has made it clear that there is only one means by which unity can be effected: submission

to the Holy See and accepting without reserve the doctrines of the Church, which have been rejected in whole or in part by Protestants. It is impossible for the Church to compromise with error in matters that pertain to the sacred trust committed to her care. She may not wink at error. To those who are outside her communion and yearn for unity this stand may seem unduly hard and beyond all reason, but she is bound to preserve intact, whole and entire, her sacred charge—the deposit of Faith. Earnest prayer, not reasoning alone, will illumine the understanding of all who seek the truth.

The reunion of Christendom is the object of the International Eucharistic League, which asks a share in your prayers and good works that its purpose may the more speedily be attained. In its effort to bring about reunion, the League endeavors, in the first place, to set its own house in order by establishing union and harmony among the Catholics of the whole world; it then proposes to labor for the return of all Protestants to unity with her; and, as the love of Christ is all-embracing, it is likewise the purpose of the I. E. L. to strive for the conversion of all non-Christians. Christ prayed for all men: That they all may be one, as Thou, Father, in me, and I in Thee; *that they also may be one in us.*

The League offers you a simple, yet effective, means of being an apostle both at home and abroad. Add your name to the valiant soldiers of Christ who have joined this apostolate. The League will be another incentive for you to labor for the spiritual welfare of your fellow men.

Catholic Press Month

During Catholic Press Month, which begins with February 1, sermons are preached on the mission of the Catholic press; the importance of the Catholic press, the part that it plays in the upbuilding of the Faith and in the preservation thereof, is demonstrated; the duty of the Catholic laity with respect to the support of the Catholic press is stressed; Catholics are urged

Application Blank for Admission to

THE INTERNATIONAL EUCHARISTIC LEAGUE for the Union of Christendom

Name
Address
Degree.....

Note:—Those who make each day a short offering of all the Masses and the Holy Communion of the whole world, and promise to attend a Holy Mass and receive a Holy Communion at least *once a week*, practice the *first degree*; those who make the daily offering, but attend a Mass and receive a Holy Communion *once a month*, practice the *second degree*. (Invalids and others who cannot attend Mass or receive Holy Communion may make the daily offering and perform other good works.) —There is no fee for admission to the League—earnest prayer and good works are sought. Fill out the blank, enclose a stamp for reply, and forward your application to Rev. Benedict Brown, O. S. B., Editor of THE GRAIL, St. Meinrad, Indiana.

to subscribe for Catholic papers and magazines and to read Catholic literature—the product of the Catholic press.

"Let it be understood that *reading* and *support* of the Catholic newspaper is an obligation next to attending Mass and supporting the Church." — Statutes of the Lay Apostolate of the Catholic Press, Toledo, 1915.

St. Francis de Sales, Bishop and Doctor of the Church, under whose patronage the Catholic press has been placed, was a great convert maker. The Catholic press is the most powerful ally of the Church in preserving the Faith and in making converts. "Priests," says Dr. Wilman in his *Bulletin of the Lay Apostolate*, a little quarterly that could be read by all with profit, "can talk only to those who come to hear them; the newspaper, to those who read it."

We conclude with several other brief paragraphs from the *Bulletin* just referred to. "Much of the information of our enemies concerning the Church and her institutions is gained from the writings and speech of her enemies." Hence the importance of a strong and virile Catholic press which is needed to counteract this evil.

"At no time in the Christian era has the help of the laity been more necessary, and at no time have the opportunities to win converts for the Church ever been greater than now."

"Catholics should make it a point to take some Catholic literature along with them to the shop, factory, or office."

"All moneys collected for church purposes will be lost if the Catholic spirit of the people is not nourished by the Catholic press." Quoted from the St. Augustine *Bulletin* referring to the Mexican outrages.

"In every Catholic home belongs at least one Catholic newspaper and a Catholic magazine."—"Every Catholic should be a member of the lay apostolate."

Catholic Literature Makes Converts

One cannot lay too much stress on the importance of distributing Catholic literature, whether by having the Catholic paper or magazine sent to non-Catholics, or by remailing one's own Catholic paper and magazine after he has read them, or by scattering leaflets and pamphlets that explain Catholic doctrine. By the converts that are thus made one readily sees the beneficial results of passing Catholic literature on to others. Many are won through reading who could otherwise not be approached on the subject of religion and who would presumably never have seen the light of Faith and been brought into the Fold of Peter.

TWO CONVERSIONS THROUGH READING

The following paragraph in a personal letter to the editor from a nun across the sea shows what reading—plus the grace of God—did in the two specific cases she mentions. "One of the novices here," she writes, "was an Anglican. She joined a community of Anglicans, but as her mother was very ill, was allowed to return home for some weeks. While on night duty she

read the historical works of Cardinal Gasquet; from them she suddenly discovered that the Catholics were in the right; she left the Anglican Church and was instructed, and so on. Another case is that of a postulant here...also an Anglican. She had grave doubts about which of all the churches was the right one. She started to read the Bible straight through and whichever that showed to be right she would join. She got to the chapters on "the tabernacle" and all the appurtenances and that decided her; she said only in the Catholic Church do you find what God laid down."

(Continued on next page)

Help to Develop Catholic Writers

Those who write verse, short stories, feature articles, or essays for publication in magazines should be intensely interested in the attractive prizes that the "Catholic Literary Awards Foundation" has in mind to offer them year after year for all time. The Foundation will be a perpetual institution. The prizes will range from \$25.00 to \$250.00 each for the best Catholic poems, articles, essays, books, and stories of each year. A drive for the establishment of this Foundation is now on. Five hundred Life Members at one hundred dollars each is the goal set. The interest on the fund thus gathered will afford a handsome array of prizes. Quite a number of life members have already been secured, but the goal is not yet in sight.

We have a plan for enlisting the aid of all who write, as well as for all who may wish to give substantial encouragement to the development of Catholic writers. If you cannot take a life membership yourself, ask your sodality, or some other society to which you belong, to form a club for the purpose of taking a "Memorial Life Membership" in memory of some well-known bishop, priest, or layman whose name deserves to be perpetuated. The benefit accruing from such membership will be *perpetual*. But if you are unable to form a club, or induce your sodality to join you in this laudable work, and you really wish to lend a helping hand to a deserving cause, just fill out the blank given below and send in your donation towards the "Pius X Memorial Membership."

Pius X Memorial Membership

Rev. Benedict Brown, O. S. B.

Editor, The Grail,
St. Meinrad, Indiana.

Rev. and dear Father:

Desiring to add my mite towards the Memorial Membership in honor of the saintly Pius X of happy memory for the development of Catholic writers, I am enclosing by draft (check, money order, registered mail) the sum of.....

Very truly Yours,

A WORK OF MERCY

But Catholic literature also helps to enlighten the faithful, to keep them posted in matters pertaining to their holy religion, and it is often a tower of strength when the enemy would lead them into error. Then, too, how many ever stop to think of the poor shut-ins who would appreciate good reading. It is a work of mercy to visit the sick and the lonely in order to cheer them up. Your kind words strike a responsive cord and these will reecho in the heart after you have gone. Doubly blessed will your visit be if you leave with the invalid, the cripple, and the aged good literature to help them pass the dreary hours away. Many of these lonely ones are inmates of county and state institutions where they are removed from Catholic influences. Here Catholic literature will prove a soothing balm to many a disabled person to whom time is a heavy burden. To such a one Catholic literature is a veritable godsend, and often, too, a means of salvation. The spreading of Catholic literature is a real apostolate, but the apostles of this activity—where are they? Few and far between, answers echo.

Under date of January 5th, 1928, a letter from a national soldiers' home was addressed to the editor. The letter reads in part as follows:

"Please allow me to acknowledge again having received a copy of *The Grail* through one of your subscribers. And as I wrote before that I received the November issue on Thanksgiving Day this time I received the December issue on Christmas Day. So you see as we go along from month to month your work reaches here on . . . the best days of the month.

"Your work is praiseworthy. I was delighted with your good Christmas stories," etc.

February Twenty-Second

Americans gratefully keep February twenty-second in memory of him who is affectionately called the Father of his Country, George Washington, whose birthday it is. May his patriotism and love of country and spirit of fair-mindedness serve as a model to guide every true American.

FEBRUARY 22, 1928

This year February twenty-second has an added significance for Catholics, for it is also Ash Wednesday, which ushers in the Lenten season. Lent, properly kept, purifies, chastens, elevates the soul and makes it more pleasing to God, for it is a time of more frequent and more earnest prayer, a time for the practice of greater mortifications, abstinence, fasting, and other penances.

A SALUTARY THOUGHT

Moreover, Ash Wednesday is also a reminder of the proximity of death, which is ever near at hand. "Remember, man," says the Church in the distribution of the blessed ashes on this day, "that thou art dust and unto dust thou shalt return." The thought that our bodies may soon return to dust should be an incentive

to us to lead good lives that we may make sure our salvation. Yet, the thought of death is distasteful to many. However, it ought not to make us sad or gloomy, but should keep us from offending God, who has promised to reward the good and threatened to punish the wicked. If men were actuated more by the salutary thought of death, they would endeavor to lead good lives.

THE PRESS AND THE "MOVIES"

The world is truly perverted and needs penance: it leads from God by enticing to sin, which alone offends Him; it is full of allurements to sin, which lurk in every nook and corner. Its chief servants, the press and the "movies," though in themselves neither good nor bad, hold in their grasp the power to elevate man or to drag him down into the mire of sin. Each is capable of great benefit to man, or of much harm; together they are a fruitful source of most of the evils of our day. These are possibly the two most powerful instruments for the forming of public opinion and the shaping of the character of youth. While they may also exert a beneficial influence, the press and the "movies" quite commonly by their bold effrontery dull the sense of modesty and shame, inculcate disobedience to parents, irreverence for elders, disrespect for law and authority, teach crime, make light of the moral law, and enkindle in the sanctuary of the heart the flames of unholy passions. Truly the world is perverted and needs penance. The Catholic press—Catholic literature—will prove a wholesome antidote.

DO PENANCE

"Do penance, for the kingdom of God is at hand." Penance was the keynote sounded by the prophets of old. Penance was preached by Christ Himself. Penance has been practiced from the time of the Apostles down to our own day. We shudder at the thought of the great penances that were performed by the early Christians and by many of the saints throughout all ages, even to the present time. We recoil at the very thought of penance, yet penance is necessary, we have Christ's word for it and the teaching of His infallible Church. We need not apply the scourge to our delicate bodies, or lacerate our tender flesh, or endure the chafing of the hair shirt as many saints have done, but we must do penance in some form or other. There is an unruly appetite to be curbed by fasting, abstinence, and mortification to atone for sins of gluttony in eating and drinking. Then there is curiosity to be restrained—the eagerness to see and to know things that are of no value to us either in time or in eternity, but more often positively harmful. Another instrument of sin to be held in check is the tongue, which so frequently, and often so grievously, offends through uncharitable conversation, blasphemy, indecent talk, and other sinful language. But penance, that it may be of benefit to our souls and acceptable to God, must be done out of supernatural motives: to atone for sin, to overcome passions, out of love for God, and the like; but not out of purely natural motives, such, for instance, as reduc-

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Lincoln in the Making

COLUMBAN THUIS, O. S. B.

NOT far from the home of THE GRAIL, some thirteen miles, under the spreading trees of Indiana forest, amid the quiet of virginal country symbolical of the hidden influence that laid the seed here of national development, rests the mortal remains of her to whom Abraham Lincoln, one of the greatest of American presidents, paid the following tribute:—'All that I am or hope to be, I owe to my angel mother.' As the editor of THE GRAIL and the writer paid the tribute of reverence at the tomb, instinctively there came thoughts which Abraham Lincoln himself expressed so well in verse:

My childhood's home I see again,
And sadden with the view;
And still, as memory crowds my brain,
There's pleasure in it too.

O Memory! thou midway world,
'Twixt earth and paradise,
Where things decayed and loved ones lost
In dreamy shadows rise.

And, freed from all that's earthly, vile,
Seems hallowed, pure, and bright,
Like scenes in some enchanted isle
All bathed in liquid light.

The deeds of great men live after them, but the principles underlying the deeds are the greater worth to us, as we shape our own lives accordingly. The number of popular expressions to Lincoln's memory, in the form of shrines, buildings, statues, parks, far exceeds that of any other figure in American civic life, — not even excepting the Father of his Country, — George Washington. Yet Lincoln was only one of three martyred presidents, only one of three war presidents. But neither war for country's unity, nor death for country's cause explains the

continued flame of popular fervor. The secret lies in his honesty, his simplicity, his lack of self-seeking,—those plain virtues enjoined on all men, and so essential for leaders in public life.

The life of Lincoln falls into four periods: his birth and early childhood in Kentucky, his youth and early manhood in southern Indiana; his early professional career in Illinois; and the years as statesman at Washington, D. C. Much attention has been given to his adult years, but little to the formative period spent in Southern Indiana. Yet his own testimony of debt to his 'angel mother' leads the student of the higher principles underlying the great man's career to a little grave, with a modest marker, in a little park named in honor of that same Mother—Nancy Hanks Park. The visitor may call to mind the marble memorial at Hodgenville, Ky., over the cabin where Lincoln is supposed to have been born; he may admire the obelisk erected over the tomb of Lincoln at Springfield, Ill.; he may be enraptured by the wonderful classic lines, so expressive of the simplicity they are called upon to honor, of the Lincoln Memorial at Washington, D. C., the three-million-dollar tribute of a grateful nation to its preserver; but the higher ideals that constitute his true worth must be sought at the shrine of his mother in Southern Indiana.

A state's gratitude is planning a lasting memorial at Nancy Hanks Park to Lincoln and his mother. Artists and architects are combining their talent to express in landscape and structure a perpetuation of Lincoln ideals. In the language of Mr. Hibben, the architect, 'Such a monument must be simple and pure truth of structure, expressing in its form all that we may of the man Lincoln. These buildings take the form of a series of quadrangular courts



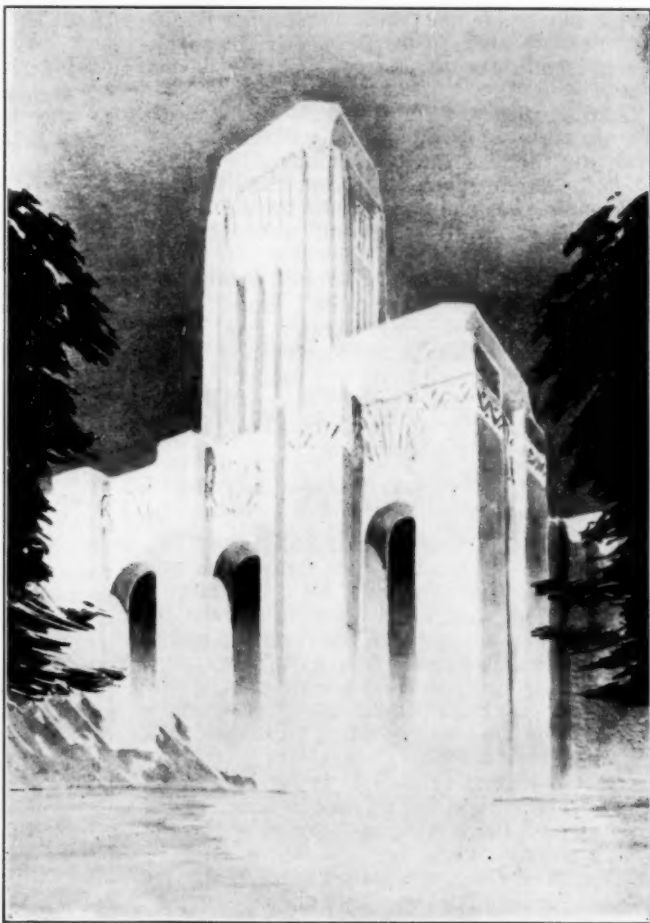
The simple stone in Lincoln Park that marks the burial place of Lincoln's mother

which surround the main structure, from which rises a carillon tower. These courts are bounded by open cloisters, which connect through the aerial pylons. The whole group is so arranged that people may come here and in the peace and gentle beauty it is our hope to create, receive new inspiration from its contact.'

The Lincolns belonged to a migratory stock. For four generations They had been born in one state, married in another, and died in a third. With his parents, Thomas Lincoln and Nancy Hanks Lincoln, the future president as a boy of about eight years came to Southern Indiana in the year 1816. Here he remained for fourteen years, during the most impressionable period of a human life. A rude log hut was hurriedly constructed, and the young lad even then wielded the axe. Rails which he split as a young man were to play an important part in his election to the presidency. The first two years were of greatest importance to him. The guiding influence of the mother, Nancy Hanks Lincoln, covers this period. Through her efforts, and a few months in school, Abraham learned to read and write. The books were few but of a sort that leave a lasting impression. Lincoln's familiar use of Holy Scripture in his writings and speeches owes its inception to reading the Bible at his mother's knee. Only in the evening, after a day of hard work, could the hours be devoted to reading and study. The quiet cabin was lighted by shavings and pine knots,—candles were burned only on rare occasions. These hours have delighted the romancer and the historian. The artist loves to picture the tall young boy deep in reading, with the mother smoothing the way for an ambition far beyond that of the usual country youth. But the line of tragedy was to enter early into the lineaments of Lincoln's life. His angel mother fell a victim to 'milk sickness,' resulting from drinking the milk of animals that had eaten poisonous weeds. A rude coffin, a simple burial, and a small mound on the top of a low hill,—and all seemed over. But the principles of the mother lived on in the son. Preachers were few and far between. Lincoln contrived a letter, asking a minister to come and preach a sermon,—but only in the following spring was

this possible. His schooling scarcely amounted to a year, all taken together. Yet he read, and read, and read. Besides the Bible, there were Aesop's Fables, an English Reader, Pilgrim's Progress, Robinson Crusoe, Weem's Life of Washington, a History of the United States, and a book of the Revised Statutes of Indiana. His ability for work led to demand for services,—the usual wage was twenty-five cents a day. At fourteen he began to imitate the preachers and public speakers he had heard. Later he acted as ferryman at the mouth of the Anderson Creek, where it empties into the Ohio River. Having rowed some people to a steamer, on the river, he received a dollar for his services,—and came into conflict with the law! He was charged with running a ferry across the

(Continued on page 454)



Shrine to be erected in Lincoln Park—Spencer County, Indiana—to the memory of Nancy Hanks Lincoln, mother of Abraham Lincoln

The Queen of Devotions

"There is None Holy as the Lord is...None Strong Like Our God"

ANSELM SCHAAF, O. S. B.

"SURE, St. Anthony, they are goin' back on you," was the repeated musing of Mrs. Clay as she knelt at the foot of the wonder-worker's statue. In the meantime she gave an occasional squint at Mrs. Herb who was performing her devotions before the image of the Little Flower. Mrs. Clay's peace of mind had now left her and she felt herself called to repair good St. Anthony's honor.

At the church door the two women met. Mrs. Clay's "I have an axe to grind with you, Mrs. Herb," soon made her fellow worshipper realize that there was reason for the fire in the speaker's eyes and for the fidgety bearing of her person.

"And what have I done?" Mrs. Herb retorted quite meekly. "I am not conscious of having given you the least cause of offense."

"To the day of my death," Mrs. Clay resumed with an air of solemnity, to show the righteousness of her cause, "I'd bear any wrong heaped upon me personally but I cannot endure a slight shown to our own faithful St. Anthony."

"Woman, speak. What have I done?"

"What have you done? Aren't you ever kneeling before the Little Flower and never coming back to St. Anthony any more?"

"Well," replied Mrs. Herb by way of vindication, "the Little Flower is always hearing my prayers and I am grateful to her."

"You'll regret it."

"I won't."

"You will."

Even to the parting of their paths the "You will" and the "I won't" were flung back and forth. At her last "You will" Mrs. Clay turned slightly to look back. To her chagrin she realized that her enemy had already passed out of sight down a side street. "Anyhow," the speaker mumbled, "my word was last, even if she didn't hear it. St. Anthony must receive reparation," she kept on repeating to herself. "I will see Father Gilbert."

A few moments sufficed to bring her to the pastor. The request for a Mass in honor of St. Anthony gave her a good cue to open her tirade on Mrs. Herb.

"Why, Mrs. Clay," Father Gilbert finally interposed "to listen to you would almost convince a person that there is war on in Heaven between saint and saint and that their clients on earth must fight it out for them. No, there is no such thing. The saints know of no jealousy.

The 'Imitation of Christ' says very nicely in Christ's name: 'Some by zeal of preference are attracted with greater affection towards these or those saints; but this affection is rather human than divine. I am He who made all the saints; I gave them grace, I granted them glory.... I am to be praised in all My saints; I am to be blessed above all and to be honored in each whom I have so gloriously magnified and predestinated without any foregoing merits of their own.' Now in connection with these words of the 'Imitation' let me ask you how long did you pray to the Holy Eucharist during your visit this morning?"

"Well—oh—you see—Father, I just wanted to pray to St. Anthony," she apologized taken quite aback.

"Yes, I see the whole affair in its true color now," the priest rejoined emphatically. "Whilst the Church encourages the veneration of the saints, she would have us also to give due honor to the Saint of saints as hinted by the words of the 'Imitation'; it is her wish that we do the one and not omit the other. The III National Eucharistic Congress of the United States held in New York, Sept. 27-29, 1904, passed among others the following resolution: 'In order to forestall the irreverence which is manifesting itself towards the Holy Eucharist, or at least the neglect of the Blessed Sacrament which is becoming noticeable in certain quarters, priests, when giving instruction to the people, are to recall to their minds that, no matter how useful and appropriate the veneration of the saints and of their images may be, all devotion must terminate in, and focus itself on, the Holy Eucharist. Never is this veneration to be prejudicial to the devotion towards the Sacrament in which Jesus Christ, our Lord, is truly present with His flesh and blood, with His soul and Divinity.' That such is also the mind of the Holy Father is evident from the fact that on June 15, 1923, he granted a special indulgence of 300 days to those who on entering a Catholic church immediately go to the altar where the Blessed Sacrament is reserved and before performing any other act of devotion adore there with a contrite heart the Real Presence for a short time. No doubt the Holy Father wished to counteract the tendency of some Catholics to flock to shrines of saints and there concentrate their devotion in prayers and offerings whilst they give no thought to the King

of kings hidden under the Eucharistic veils in the Tabernacle."

Since Mrs. Clay had no comment to make, Father Gilbert continued: "It is remarkable how children sometimes display a real Catholic instinct so as even to put their elders to shame."

"You don't want to imply, Father, that a child knows its faith better than I do," was the reply which betrayed a slight irritation.

"I make no implication but simply wish to refer to edifying facts," the priest said appeasingly.

"Edifying facts are always welcome to me," she remarked with some relief.

"Well, one time a mother took her little girl to church with her. They went to the side altar to visit the Infant Jesus in St. Joseph's arms. After kneeling there for some time the child whispered to her mother: 'Now, let us go to the other altar where the real Jesus is.'"

"The darling!" ejaculated Mrs. Clay.

"No doubt you will also exclaim 'darling!' if I tell you of similar childlike outbursts. About a year ago out in Denver a little lad of five years met a priest who was going to the church. The priest invited the youngster to come along and say 'hello!' to Jesus. The little fellow took the challenge literally and entering the church cried out: 'Hello, Jesus.' When the visit was over he concluded his devotions by the loud clear ring of 'Good-bye, Jesus!'"

Mrs. Clay's comment was only a smile. Father Gilbert then narrated how a tiny four-year-old girl in Vienna surprised one of the priests of a convent who had visited her sick grandmother. The child had been told to accompany the priest to the door at his departure. The child performed its task with a dignity often wanting even in older persons. As the priest left she said to him: "Best regards to the convent." Astonished, he inquired whom she knew in the convent. "Why, Jesus in the Tabernacle, of course," she answered without hesitation.

"I see," replied Mrs. Clay, "these are a few cases of 'out of the mouths of infants and sucklings.'"

"Even non-Catholics," supplemented the priest, "provided they still have faith, feel the need of greater attention to the Holy

Eucharist. To prove this to you I shall refer to a letter which a Protestant minister wrote to Archbishop Curley of Baltimore less than a year ago. 'I am a Protestant clergyman, yet I am interested in everything that concerns our city or makes for the construction of religious growth. If I mistake not male Catholics are instructed to raise their hats in passing one of their churches, as I am told, out of respect for the body and blood of Jesus reserved in the Tabernacle of the altar. I pass three Catholic churches each day back and forth. I am interested in observing the attitude of the men of your faith. A very few actually raise their hat. A Roman Brother whom I occasionally meet excites my admiration by removing his hat entirely for a whole block. But most of the men adjust the hat to a new position as if they were ashamed that they must raise it or they take off the hat and scratch the head and smooth the hair.'"

"What do you know about that?" the woman exclaimed. "Why I should never have expected men of that type to notice such things."

"And yet they do. They even enter our churches and pray there before the Blessed Sacrament."

"Do they—really?"

"Not as a rule, of course, but occasionally we hear of such visits. A Protestant minister of Copenhagen one evening was on the point of entering the Catholic church. He was met at the door by another gentleman. The latter, feigning a reproach, inquired: 'What do you want here?'—'I want to go into this church.'—'And you dare to make this confession to a bishop of your own church?—Yes, where Your Reverence has just been I too may enter.' They both smiled and acknowledged to each other that it was only in a Catholic church that a person could pray during the day. Then, too, a Protestant minister remarked one time: 'I never go into a Catholic church with-

out catching something of the spirit of that older day... It is impossible for any one with reverence in his soul to stand in that silence without feeling that it is the speech of God.'"

"Father, whilst I meant no irreverence, I see that I was thoughtless. No doubt St. Anthony himself



LINCOLN MEMORIAL AT THE NATIONAL CAPITAL

sent me to you to be better instructed. Thank you, Father."

Towards evening Father Gilbert was aroused from his study by another caller. It was Mrs. Herb. "Father, I have been worried all day," she began. "Mrs. Clay took me to task this morning for praying so much to St. Teresa, the Little Flower. She accused me of slighting St. Anthony. I had had no such intention, yet her charge robbed me of my peace this livelong day."

"Mrs. Herb, continue to honor the saints. However, do it so that you always honor God Himself in them. The power which the saints display is the power which they have received from God. Thus, the 'flowers' which St. Teresa keeps on dropping from Heaven are God's own 'flowers.' Therefore, I see no reason for going into convulsions at the sight of the veneration and devotion given to the Little Flower or to any other of the modern saints on whom the Church has placed her seal of approval. Then, too, by the numerous miracles which God has wrought through their intercession, He evidently manifests His good pleasure in the devotion shown to them. However, such excesses as commercialism and sentimentalism must be guarded against in the case of all the saints. Our predilection for one saint or another in itself merits no blame. Still, when the rightful authorities speak on this matter, their word has a claim to respect. About a year ago the Bishop of Poitiers in France laid down certain regulations to be observed in all the churches of his diocese. The major devotions—to the Sacred Heart, to the Blessed Virgin, and to St. Joseph—were to be practiced first; next in order were to come the devotions to the national, diocesan, and local patrons; when these had been satisfied, devotion to other saints could be recommended and their statues erected with the permission of the Bishop. In their homes the faithful could more freely follow the bent of their heart as to statues and pictures."

"Do you mean to say, Father, that I must give up my devotion to the Little Flower?" the good lady inquired with evident signs of disappointment. "Am I to say no more prayers before her statue?"

"No, that was not what I meant. In the first place, no authority will object to our devotions so long as they are only interior. Thus, we may pray to any of the saints, even to the uncanonized ones. The bishop mentioned before, speaking for his own diocese, touches only the public veneration, and the erection, of statues in the churches. As to our own statue of St. Teresa all was done with the requisite permission. There is, however, one point I should like to stress: according to the mind of the Church we ought to combine our devotions and make Eucharistic devotion the queen of them all. The

Church recommends that the October devotion be held either during Mass or during the exposition of the Blessed Sacrament. So also on September 4th, 1927, the Holy Father granted a plenary indulgence to all those who say at least five decades of the Rosary before the Holy Eucharist, either exposed or reserved in the tabernacle. Of course, as usual, the reception of the sacraments is also required. Holy Church thus wants to secure and emphasize the Eucharistic devotion even when other devotions are practiced. The frequent neglect of the Holy Eucharist in our churches reminds me of the Sacred Host in a museum."

"You don't mean museum, Father?" Mrs. Herb objected amid expressions of horror.

"I do. One time a bishop was invited to a banquet at the palace of a Protestant prince. At table the bishop was asked whether he had ever inspected the royal treasure halls and museums. After having given a negative reply, the bishop expressed his eagerness to enjoy the privilege. In the company of the prince the bishop passed from hall to hall until they came to a section closed off by large folding doors. 'Here, most Reverend Sir,' remarked the prince, 'we are in your own sphere.' In fact they stood before a collection of treasures which had been looted during the so-called Reformation, or at least during the secularization period of the Napoleonic times. All of a sudden the bishop stood awestruck and would not move. What had he seen? A monstrosity in which the Sacred Host was still exposed. The monstrosity had evidently been torn from a Tabernacle. The Sacred Host seemed quite well preserved. 'Oh,' thought the bishop, 'if I were only given a choice of one of these treasures.' At that moment the prince bade him to select any one article of the whole collection as a remembrance. The good bishop's prayer was heard. The present was easily chosen. The bishop departed with his precious gift and with a pious friend he made reparation to our Eucharistic Lord."

"Father," replied the eager listener after a brief delay, "I am convinced that in the future our Eucharistic Lord must receive a greater share of my devotions. I will entreat the Little Flower to let fall upon me the 'flower' of a greater love towards the Eucharistic King."

Off was Mrs. Herb. But whom should she meet on the street? None other than Mrs. Clay. Both smiled as they met; both understood; both entered the church; both walked up the middle aisle and knelt for a considerable time before the high altar. Then the one went to ask a favor of St. Anthony; the other, to invoke the Little Flower.

When Mass is said for a soul in purgatory, it ceases to suffer during the time that the Holy Sacrifice lasts.—St. Jerome.

All on a Summer's Cruise---Italian Itineraries

CALLA L. STAHLMANN

NOW that we've had a delightful rest on our "floating hotel" after our strenuous trip to Capri, let's be up and doing! Naples is the largest city in Italy, and boasts of one of the most beautiful sites on the continent. We visit the Cathedral where Sunday morning Masses are being said. The chapels are most beautiful, especially that of St. Januarius, a martyr to the Christian faith in the third century. His body is preserved here in one place, and in another we find the head and two phials of his blood; these are borne in solemn procession to the high altar of the Cathedral three times every year, where, after prayer is offered, the phials are brought into contact with the head, at which time the blood is believed to liquefy. This miracle does not always take place, and this is supposed to be a particularly bad omen. The Cathedral also contains many pillars and marbles from ancient Roman temples to Neptune and Apollo.

In Naples is also the renowned San Carlo Opera House; the Aquarium with its marine wonders taken from the Mediterranean Sea; the National Museum containing famous works of art, as well as treasures taken from Pompeii which we just visited yesterday; and the Arcades! By special dispensation, some of the latter were allowed to open on Sunday to enjoy the patronage of the tourists. Such mad scrambles for gloves, for the production of which Italy is justly famed! We pass from shop to shop in the Gallerio Umberto, collecting various sorts of treasures (real or fancied!) and find a little restaurant where all sorts of cooling draughts are served.

At Naples our party divides again, some remaining with the ship whose next port of call is Genoa; others leaving for visits to Rome, Florence, Venice, Pisa, and even a few for

Switzerland and Paris—these will all return to the ship either at Genoa or Cherbourg.

Rome! Florence! Venice! These require volumes, many of which have been written! A six-hour ride by special train in the cool of the evening brings us to Rome. As we arrive, the first sight that greets our eyes is that of sparkling lights playing on running fountains. Our hotels are delightful! Who says Rome is dirty? I have never been in a more luxurious hotel suite, or a more spacious one! Being hungry and thirsty, we start out, and with our meager knowledge of the language find a charming little cafe, typically Italian, where our thirst is quenched and our appetite appeased. Not a soul in the cafe could speak any English, but no one cared—we were all happy and satisfied! We are well acquainted with the Italian money by this time, and hand out lires with all the nonchalance of a native-born Roman!

Rome! The name calls up visions of St. Peter's, the largest Cathedral in the world, with its bronze plates inlaid in the floor to designate the relative lengths of the other Cathedrals of the world, thus proving St. Peter's greatness; here also is the tomb of St. Peter, and the statue whose great toe is noticeably worn away by the kisses imprinted upon it. Adjoining the Cathedral is the Vatican, the home of the Pope, with its famous Museum, containing famous tapes-



ROME FROM THE CUPOLA OF ST. PETER'S



CHURCH OF THE SALUTE—VENICE

tries by Raphael; the Sistine Chapel with Michael Angelo's painting of the "Last Judgment"; the Apollo Belvedere; the Laocoon statue, and Venus; the Library with 220,000 volumes, and 25,000 manuscripts; the picturesque Swiss Guards whose costumes were designed by Angelo—*ad infinitum*! The Church of St. John in the Lateran is noteworthy, as it is from its central balcony that the Pope pronounces his benediction on Ascension Day. Visions pass before one's eyes of the Colosseum, Rome's early "stadium," which seated 80,000 people—artistic by sunlight, enchanting by moonlight; of the Catacombs, where one receives waxen tapers and descends to dark, narrow passages, the meeting—and burial places of the early Christians; of the ruined Forums,—or, to be proper, Fora,—of the Appian Way; and the Arch of Constantine. Just outside the city towards the North we find the Villa Borghese, which, although privately owned, serves as a public park for all classes. An interesting fact to be learned is that many places in and near Rome, which were malarious, have been made healthful by the planting of eucalyptus trees!

We are loath to leave, but Florence beckons to us—Florence, the City of Flowers—well-named! This fair city with its bright skies, the beauty of its surroundings, the harmonious accents of its language, and the world-famed artistic value of its monuments, can boast of but a very humble origin. Many claim that it was established by the Etruscans in the hill city of Fiesole, as a market place on the plain of the Arno for the convenience of traders. From this beginning, it developed into a village, a town, and a city, by successive stages.

The Arno passes through the city and is crossed by four bridges, of which the best known is the Ponte Vecchio. The shops that line the bridge on either side were owned and occupied until 1563 by butchers, but they had to give way to the goldsmiths. It was by the Arno that Dante first met Beatrice—who doesn't know this love story of old?

The Piazza della Signoria is the most important one in Florence, for its works of art as well as for its historical connections. Here, popular meetings were held, and the Priors spoke to the people; here, the Feast of Homages was celebrated on the Festival Day of St. John; here, Savonarola, the Dominican Monk, was hanged and burned in 1498—this act is recalled by a bronze disk with his portrait on the spot where he was put to death. Every year, on the 23rd day of May, flowers are laid on this slab. The south side of this Piazza is occupied by the Loggia dei Lanzi—this loggia, or porch, was used by the Priors as a shelter from the weather when addressing the people. There are several famous statues on this portico—among which the most celebrated is Cellini's "Perseus Brandishing the Head of Medusa," executed in bronze. On the left of the door to the Palazzo Vecchio nearby, is a copy of the "David," Michael Angelo's masterpiece. The original has long been in the Gallery of the Academy of Fine Arts; for over four centuries it had stood before the Palace to recall to the Governors their duty to defend and rule their people as David did among his people.

We visit the Pitti and Uffizi Palaces, connected by an underground passageway, and see many of the world's most famous paintings and sculptures; the Cathedral of S. Maria del Fiore with the noted Bronze Gates, representing scenes in the life of the Virgin Mary; near by, the Baptistery whose origin is unknown; and the Campanile designed by Giotto; also the open market place where straw hats and baskets, laces, and embroideries may be bought for a song—these had lured us from Rome! By like means, Venice by moonlight with its gondolas and music on the canals enticed us from Florence!

The approach to Venice on a moonlit night, over a two-mile bridge, is never-to-be-forgotten—how well the men of old have built is clearly shown! We are "taxied" to our hotels by gondolas; there we may sit on the terrace and hear Grand Opera (as well as jazz); we may gaze across the Canal to the Church of the Salute; eat Italian ice cream, claimed to be the best in the world; and watch the gondoliers glide silently and gracefully by. If we want to go riding, the proprietor of the hotel rings a huge bell at the side of his outer door for a

gondola, not a taxicab. Oh yes, to be sure, there is an occasional motor boat, and even a few steam launches have invaded the watery realms, much to the disgust of those of the "old school"!

One must see St. Mark's moonlight—the world passes by here sooner or later, along Venice's few paved streets! Then view the same spot by daylight—the beautiful domes and graceful spires, the famous bronze horses that have known so varied a career, and, of course, the pigeons! At the southern end of the Piazzetta of St Mark's are two red marble pillars, one holding a statue of St. Theodore who was the patron saint of Venice until St. Mark supplanted him; the other pillar holding the lion of St. Mark.

The Grand Canal winds its tortuous way among the 117 islands, in the shape of the letter "S" reversed; only one bridge crosses this canal: the Rialto, built of marble, with two rows of shops on its upper level, dividing the surface into three narrow streets. The Bridge of Sighs also claims our attention, and reminds us of Lord Byron who spent some time in the cells of the adjoining prison, in order to get "local color" for his writings! We are told that the kitchens are just beneath the prisons, and one form of torture was to cook appetizing dishes here, whose odors wafted up to the prisoners—but, alas, only the odors, and nothing more!

Horses and carriages are unknown in Venice; a few of the islands are large enough to boast of two or three streets; the Merceria, the longest and most important street, is only 15 feet wide!

We fain would loiter here for days, but our train awaits us, and, via gondola, we return to the station—a very modern-looking affair—and are soon on our way. Have you ever seen an Italian station master in full uniform? If not, you have a treat in store for you! Nothing more gorgeous can be found. He wears a bright red cap to top off his costume, and no train may move out until he blows his whistle—and when he blows it, be sure you get aboard!

We have a short stop-over at Milan—long enough to enable us to visit the

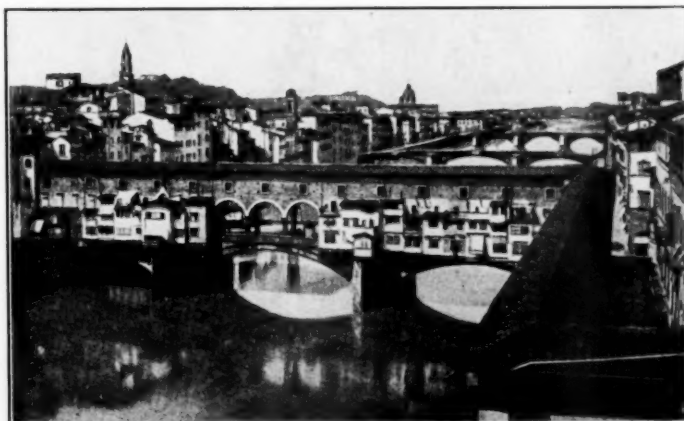
Cathedral of Milan, one of the largest and most artistic in the world. There are over a thousand statues on this building, and an angel surmounts the structure. We regret that we have not the time to see the painting of "The Last Supper," in the monastery at Milan, but we can't see everything this time. After an excellent dinner, we are enroute again, to meet the ship at Genoa—the birthplace of Christopher Columbus (unless the Spanish can succeed in proving their belief that he was born in Spain!)

After a refreshing sleep aboard the ship, we are eager to "do Genoa"—the principal sights are the Cathedral and the Campo Santo, or Cemetery. As we have visited so many Cathedrals, let us investigate the Campo Santo, and see why it should be a point of interest. The name really means "sacred ground," as the ground for interring the bodies was formerly brought from the Holy Land. The Cemetery lies northeast of Genoa, whither we are taken in luxurious Italian motors. It is rightfully considered the greatest necropolis in Italy and probably in the world, both for its works of art and its shrubberies which gives one the idea of being in an artistic garden rather than in a city of the dead. It lies half on the hill and half on the level—the lower part is in the shape of a rectangle marked off into the form of a cross by cypress trees. All around is an arched monumental gallery with a vaulted roof, and with space for a double row of artistic monuments, most of which are already erected. Such sculptures! One is startled by the realism of many of the statues—of the purest marble, and the most delicate workmanship. The Grand Cappello stands in the center of the principal monumental gallery—it has a large marble pediment, supported by handsome columns, with a grand stairway of marble steps. In the center of the cross in the gardens stands a colossal

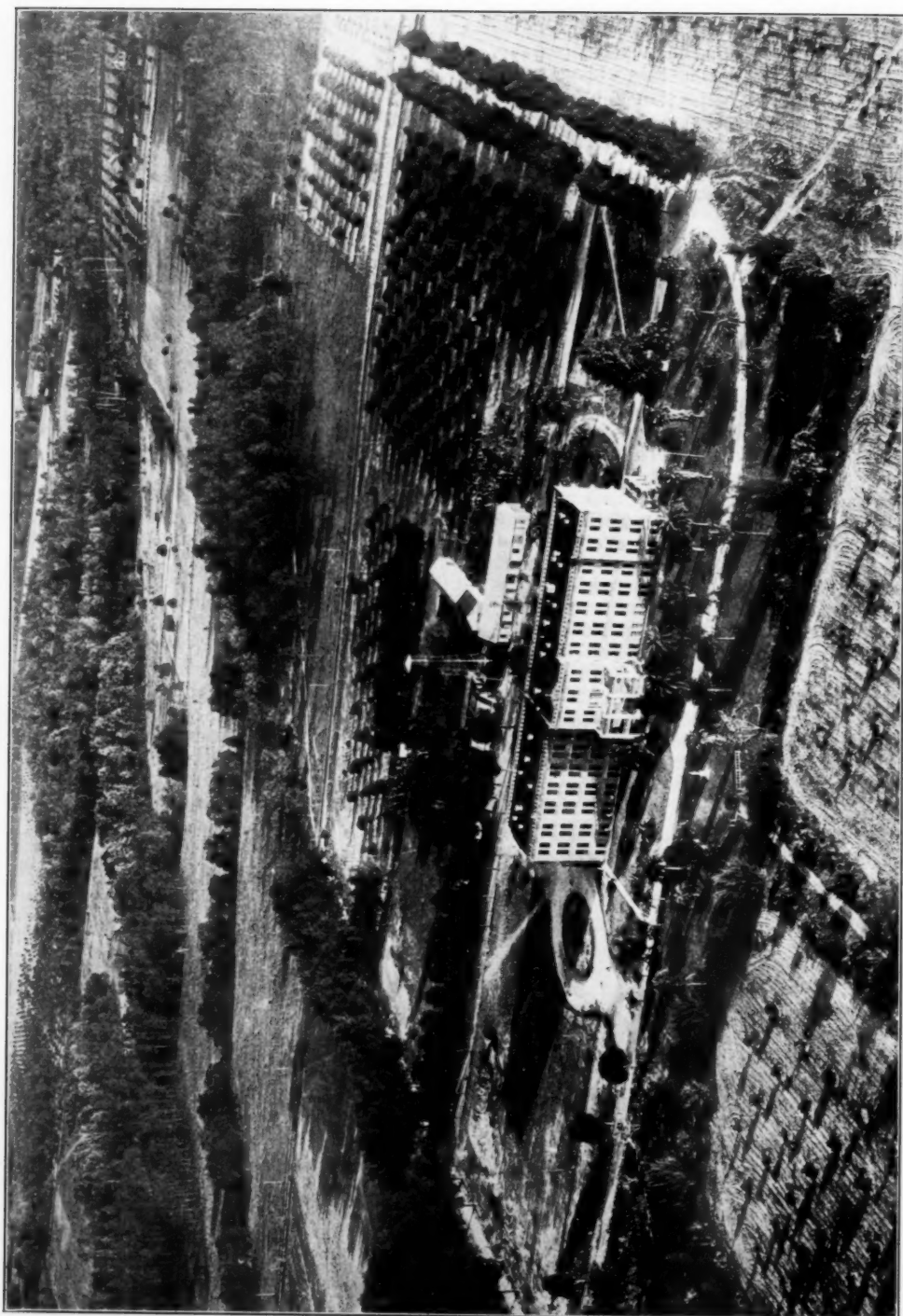
statue of Faith, the work of Santo Varin.

We went to visit this Cemetery somewhat skeptically, but left it with nothing but admiration and awe in our hearts, realizing the high esteem of the Italian for his departed loved ones.

We stop away our new
(Continued on
page 462)



FONTE VECCHIO—THE OLD BRIDGE—FLORENCE



St. Leo Abbey, Pasco County, Florida, in its picturesque setting. St. Edward's Hall, Laboratory and Auditorium, and Lake Jovita were not caught by the photographer in this airplane view

A Jubilee in Dixie Land

BENEDICT BROWN, O. S. B.

"WAY down South in Dixie Land" where flourish the palmetto and the date palm, and brilliant flowers bedeck the sod; where gentle zephyrs blow from sea and gulf and vernal breezes play at hide-and-go-seek in extensive orange groves; where the mocking bird attunes his throat to Nature's melodies, —yes, not far from the boundary line of perpetual summer, stands a house of God inhabited by loyal sons of St. Benedict, the man of God, who in the long ago sanctified another habitation, that on Monte Cassino's lofty heights beneath the blue skies of sunny Italy. St. Leo Abbey, near Tampa, Florida, to which reference is here made, is a tender vine shoot of the ancient parent stock, whose roots are imbedded in Cassino's sacred soil.

From historic Cassino St. Benedict sent his sons to distant climes. Their mission—to pray and to work and to save souls for heaven—has been well done. By their prayer and the example of their holy lives, as well as by the holy doctrine that they preached, the monks of St. Benedict carried the beacon light of the Gospel and the torch of learning into all parts of Europe for the illumination of mankind.

Gaul and England yielded to the grace that was conferred upon them through these messengers of peace; the warlike Teutons and Helvetians bowed before the sway of their scepter; the northern nations, too, were conquered for Christ. Soon monasteries, sanctuaries of prayer and abodes of learning, sprang up everywhere and dotted all the land. Not only were natives converted to Christianity, but they were taught to till the soil and make the earth supply their needs; nor were they exercised in trades and arts alone, but they were also skilled in the sciences and literature. These monastic homes were Europe's first universities.

But the monks of St. Benedict did not confine themselves to Europe alone. They set sail for peoples and lands beyond the seas. Bearing with them their heirloom, the rule of their blessed founder as a most precious treasure, they have builded other sanctuaries of prayer and seats of learning on foreign shores. Here they have gathered about them other disciples to sing the praises of God in choir, to impart knowledge to the young, to proclaim the word of God to men, and, like their forbears, to evangelize the heathen.

We read that Cartier, the French discoverer, was accompanied by two Benedictines on his trips of exploration to Canada; French Bene-

dictines, under the leadership of Dom Desiderius, attempted a foundation at Baltimore towards the end of the eighteenth century. The first permanent Benedictine establishment in North America, however, was made in western Pennsylvania by the late Rt. Rev. Archabbot Boniface Wimmer in the first half of the nineteenth century.

The ancient Abbey of Metten, in Bavaria, which was founded nearly twelve centuries ago, sent to the United States in 1846 a small band of monks under the guidance of Father Boniface Wimmer, who gave the Order a firm footing on our continent. In 1855 he was chosen Abbot of the infant community, which has since developed into the great Archabbey of St. Vincent with some 200 Religious. This was the beginning of the American Cassinese Congregation which numbers at present thirteen abbeys in the United States and one in Canada.

The ninth abbey of the Cassinese Congregation in the order of its foundation, and the subject of this brief sketch, is that of St. Leo in Florida. The January number of THE GRAIL, as our readers will recall, contained a brief sketch of this Abbey and its Abbot, the Rt. Rev.



RT. REV. CHARLES H. MOHR, O. S. B., S.T.D.

Charles Henry Mohr, O. S. B., S. T. D. The facts, briefly enumerated, are these: Abbot Charles was born at Chilicothe, Ohio, on January 24, 1863. In September, 1876, he enrolled as a scholastic at St. Vincent Archabbey. Having entered the novitiate at the Archabbey in 1891, the young religious pronounced his simple vows on July 11, 1882, in the presence of Archabbot Boniface Wimmer. In 1885 Fr. Charles accompanied the late Rt. Rev. Leo Haid, O. S. B., Abbot-Ordinary of Mary Help Abbey (d. 1924), to Belmont, North Carolina, where the priesthood was conferred upon him on June 22, 1886. In the four years that followed we find the young monk active both as professor and as Missionary; then came the call to Florida in July, 1890, as director of St. Leo College. The foundation of the Benedictines in Florida dates from Feb. 1, 1886, when Bishop John Moore, S. T. D., entered into negotiations with Archabbot Wimmer of St. Vincent's for a colony of monks. Jurisdiction of the new foundation passed over to Belmont Abbey. St. Leo College began to function on Sept. 14, 1890. In 1894 the foundation at St. Leo became an independent priory with Father Charles as Prior. Eight years later the community petitioned Pope Leo XIII to raise the priory to the rank of Abbey and to confer the dignity of Abbot on their Very Rev. Prior. The decree granting these petitions is dated Sept. 25, 1902. The solemn blessing of the new Abbot took place on Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 27, 1902, at Belmont, N. C., with the Rt. Rev. Leo Haid, O. S. B., D. D., officiating.

The many and great blessings that have been so generously bestowed by Divine Providence on St. Leo's—and on the surrounding territory—from its inception down to the present time reached their culmination in the joyful silver jubilee celebration of Abbot and Abbey on Nov. 24, 1927. The Pontifical High Mass on the eventful day was celebrated by Rt. Rev. Patrick Barry, S. T. D., Bishop of St. Augustine, on an altar that had been erected at the main portal of the Abbey with the vaulted heavens as canopy to this great out-of-doors cathedral. The sermon on the memorable occasion was preached by the Rt. Rev. Vincent Taylor, O. S. B., S. T. D., Abbot-Ordinary of Belmont Abbey and successor to the late Bishop Haid of the same abbey. The boys' choir of the St. Leo Academy, under the direction of Father Thomas, sang the Mass. Among the other dignitaries who came from afar to participate in the festivities were the Rt. Rev. Ernest Helmsstetter, O. S. B., Abbot of Newark, and President of the American Cassinese Benedictine Congregation; Rt. Rev. Aurelius Stehle, O. S. B., S. T. D., Abbot of St. Vincent Archabbey; Rt. Rev. Bernard Menges, O. S. B., Abbot of St.

Bernard Abbey in Alabama; Rt. Rev. Alcuin Deutsch, O. S. B., S. T. D., Abbot of St. John's in Minnesota. Besides, there was also present the Rt. Rev. Mayeul de Caigny, O. S. B., Ph. D., of Trinidad, British West Indies, who is leading a retired life at St. Leo's devoting his time to the writing of scientific works.

As mighty oaks from little acorns grow and flourishing institutions often have humble beginnings, so it has been with St. Leo Abbey and College. The first structure, overlooking Lake Jovita near by, now used for laboratory and auditorium purposes, is a frame building. On March 25, 1906, was laid the corner stone of the new abbey and school, which was constructed of concrete blocks that had been made by three lay brothers of the Abbey. In time even this proved inadequate. Therefore, it was found necessary to erect another building, a dormitory, which was put up in 1926 under the patronage of St. Edward.—Seventeen priests, four clerics, and twelve lay brothers compose the community at St. Leo Abbey. In the "God's Acre" on the shores of Lake Jovita rest the ashes of five priests, four clerics, and six lay brothers, besides the remains of a student who met death by accidental shooting.

All things taken into consideration, St. Leo Abbey, in its picturesque setting of tropic vegetation, has had a wonderful development. The Rt. Rev. Abbot of St. Leo's and his monks have every reason to congratulate themselves on the achievements of the quarter century just elapsed. A new quarter has now begun with brighter prospects for the future. May St. Leo's continue to prosper and flourish "that in all things God may be glorified," as St. Benedict says in the holy rule.

EXCERPTS FROM THE ABBEY CHRONICLE

As the chronicle kept at the Abbey throws many interesting side lights on the foundation from its beginning, we have selected a few items at random for the benefit of our readers.

The State Legislature on June 4, 1889, granted the Benedictine school at St. Leo the right and the power to confer academic degrees. During this same summer of 1889, after his appointment as director of the St. Leo College, Father Charles canvassed the State of Florida for the purpose of getting students for the school. Forty-five were promised, but when school opened on Sept. 14 not one of the forty-five appeared. There was, however, an unexpected arrival on the day previous to the opening.—On June 30, 1893, the first three graduates received their M. A. degree.—On Dec. 3, 1921, St. Leo High School was accredited and became a member of the Southern Educational Association.

In 1890 Father Charles received from the

Federal Government at Washington his commission as postmaster at St. Leo; in the same year a telegraph office was installed in the College "provided Father Charles, an experienced operator, serves without pay"; in November, 1891, another office, that of agent of the Southern Express Co., was added to the burdens resting on the shoulders of the versatile Father Charles.—Who that has not endured the hardships incidental to pioneer life can appreciate the endless difficulties encountered in blazing the way for a new foundation.

Daily choir service, an essential feature of Benedictine life, was inaugurated on Ash Wednesday, Feb. 11, 1891.—Since Sept. 3, 1899, at the close of each day after night prayers the *Salve Regina* has been sung for the grace of final perseverance.—Beginning with Vespers on Dec. 22, 1900, the Office is sung "A Capitulum" (that is, "from the chapter" which immediately follows the Psalms) on all feasts that are doubles of the first and the second class.—Beginning with Jan. 3, 1922, there has been Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament all day on the First Friday of each month to beg of God vocations for the Abbey.

In October, 1891, the patrons of the school were informed that there would be no holiday vacation at Christmas. The plan was never repeated, adds the chronicle.—A United States Weather Bureau Station was committed to the Abbey on Sept. 11, 1892, with Bro. Gerard in charge. This was a voluntary service.—The Rev. James Shabaker, O. S. B., was made a notary public in 1896.—The winter of 1894–1895 was disastrous to the orange and the lemon trees. Whole groves were killed by freezing.

Under Mgr. Aversa, Apostolic Delegate to Cuba and Porto Rico, the Isle of Pines was placed under the jurisdiction of St. Leo Abbey on Feb. 11, 1901. The faculties of Ordinary and the power to administer the sacrament of confirmation on the island were conferred upon the Abbot of St. Leo. There is but one church on the Island of Pines, which has an area of 3,500 square miles.—It was current opinion at the time that the United States would obtain control of this island and that it would be annexed to Florida, but negotiations fell through.—The Apostolic Delegate desired to have the island made a Prefecture Apostolic with the Abbot of St. Leo as Prefect Apostolic, but before these plans could materialize Mgr. Aversa was transferred to South America. Under existing conditions it was impossible for the Abbey to continue in possession of the mission, hence the Fathers withdrew towards the end of 1917. Just at that time refugee Benedictines came from Mexico. These were placed in charge. After a short while, however, becoming disgusted with the apathy and indifference



ST. EDWARD'S HALL—ST. LEO COLLEGE

of these people, they left again, saying: "Rather than stay with so godless a people we will risk imprisonment and even death and return to Mexico." The former conditions now prevail again with only one secular priest on the island. Benedictine Sisters, who had also gone to the island, found it necessary to leave too.

Rt. Rev. John Moore, S. T. D., Bishop of St. Augustine, who had invited the Benedictines to his diocese, died on July 30, 1901. Before his death he asked to be made an Oblate of the Order of St. Benedict. The request was cheerfully granted. "I admire the religious orders," he often said, "but I love the Benedictines."

In July, 1902, two Mormon elders visited the Abbey with the avowed purpose of winning the community over to the religion of Brigham Young. It appears that no converts were made, for no defection is recorded.—The name of the architect who drew up the plans for the new abbey and college is withheld. "For his services," reads the chronicle, "he exacted the extravagant sum of—two dollars—200 cents." His name, no doubt, has been written by the recording angel in the Book of Life.—Even balmy Florida, whose entire length is washed—on the East by the Atlantic and on the West by the Gulf of Mexico, and of whose surface much is water-soaked, is sometimes visited by long drouths. On April 1, 1907, as the chronicler records, there was a good rainfall, the first in seven months.

To Our Tabernacle Christ

ELIZABETH VOSS

These flowers upon the altar of
My God I place with fervent love,
They are as candles burning there
Whose every flame 's a lighted prayer;
Whose perfumes like the incense rise
Love-laden to the cobalt skies....
And I, thus bending 'neath Thy rod,
Send up my thankful hymns to God!

A Shepherd and His Flock

From the French, by MARY E. MANNIX

CHAPTER IV

MADELEINE BRILLANT

THE funeral was over, the old people with the child, had gone back to their mountain home.

Father Sylvain had had a busy day: he was resting now, leaning back in the single comfortable chair the house possessed. No there was one other in his mother's room—an American rocker, the first and only one that had as yet been seen in La Fontaine.

It had come into his hands in a peculiar way. On one of his infrequent trips to Paris he had called on an old preceptor.

"What shall I do with this, Sylvain," he had inquired of our curé, who had been examining its construction when his friend entered the room.

"I suppose you will sit in it," answered Father Sylvain.

"I sit in it! Never! At my age—adopting such a luxurious habit!—Never!—I always sit at the table with my books or writing. It will be only a nuisance, and my confrères will be making great jokes about it."

"Why did you buy it then?" inquired Father Sylvain.

"I buy it? Never! Do you think me mad or grown childish? I will tell you. One of our Seminarians has an American aunt. She has been living in Paris for several years and I have endeavored to show her some little kindnesses. Now she has returned to the United States—she went while I was on my summer vacation. And I found this here when I returned. Pinned to the back was a note saying it was for resting my weary limbs. I am as active and full of energy as I was forty years ago. My limbs are never weary. I should feel like a helpless invalid in that chair. The sight of it is obnoxious to me."

Father Sylvain examined it from all sides. It was made of good mahogany, with stout cane seat and back, rocked evenly and noiselessly and was easy to move.

"I will buy it from you Père Blodin," he said at last.

"Buy it from me!" exclaimed the other. "And what does a young man like you want with such a chair as that?"

"I may grow old some day," replied Father Sylvain with a whimsical smile, adding quickly and seriously. "It is not for myself I want it, Mon Père, but for my mother. My predeces-

sor left a beautiful one in his study—a miracle of comfort. I wanted my mother to take it to her room, but she said it would be a sacrilege. So gradually I have fallen into using it in the evenings, when I am tired. I have neither cart nor horse, and our mountain paths are steep and rugged."

"Ah, I see," replied the old man, who had never been fifty miles from Paris. "You may take it and welcome, provided you pay the freight. I wish to make nothing on it, neither do I desire to expend anything. On that condition, the chair is yours. And in yonder alcove you will find two red velvet cushions which belong to it. One has strings with which you can tie it on the back, the other is for the seat. I stuck them in there because I thought them entirely out of place in my plain room. Don't you think I was right?"

And that was how Mme. Véronique became the possessor of the rocking chair in which she now passed many of her leisure hours. At first it had so many wondering visitors and admirers that she placed it for examination in the arbor as it was summer time and the weather fine.

Every woman and not a few of the men, who came on business to the presbytery had to have a look at the American chair, till Mme. Véronique, satisfied that she had given them their due of amazement and admiration, removed it permanently to her own room, where now and then, some old and valued friend was permitted to enjoy the privilege of feeling its delightful motion.

But to go back to our curé, his evening rest and meditation on the happenings of the day.

A slight tapping at the window, twice repeated, roused him from his reverie. He got up and drew aside the curtains. It was hardly dark; the face of a woman confronted him. The last time he had seen that face, it was vivid, roseate, scornful of life,—to-night from the glimpse he caught through the darkening window, all the fires had gone from it—ashen gray were the thin cheeks, dull and weary the eyes.

It was the face of Madeleine Brillant, Jean's run-a-way wife and widow.

He pointed to the door and hastened to open it. The woman entered. He turned the key in the lock and latched the one leading to the inner corridor.

She wore a heavy dark cape and small shabby velvet cap, drawn down close to her forehead. When it was new he had often inwardly com-

mented on and deprecated the poise of that same cap on the bright golden hair.

She looked at him almost defiantly, a half smile on her full red lips. Her arms were folded in the long cloak.

The priest said shortly: "What do you want here?"

"I have come back," she said.

"I see that you have. Sit down."

She obeyed him, seating herself on a small empty bookshelf which projected from the others into the room.

"Will Jean receive me? Do you think, M. le Curé?" she asked. "I am tired of wandering too and fro."

"I thought you had gone to America," said the priest.

"We went there—then to Mexico. Clavel is a brute, I ran away from him."

"Just what Jean said, 'a brute,'" answered the priest.

"Will he take me back, think you, M. le Curé?" she asked again.

"No," said the priest, gravely. "I know he will not. He cannot—now."

"Is there some other woman then?" she inquired. "Perhaps the pretty daughter of Guillaume Verbon, who was crazy about him always?"

"Peace, woman!" exclaimed the priest, "well you know the character of your late husband and also that of Marie Verdon. Dare not to defame them?"

"You say my late husband, M. le Curé. Has he had a divorce then?"

"He is dead," replied Father Sylvain. "He was laid to rest in our little cemetery this morning."

"Dead!" she cried rising to her feet. "Then I will go—I could never live with those three old people without Jean."

"If you were repentant you would neither look nor talk like that," said the priest.

"Who said I was repentant?" she cried. "For what? For going with the man I loved, or thought I loved instead of chafing against the good for the rest of my life?"

"I did not want to marry Jean—my father and mother made me do it. Clavel had gone to Paris; I never thought to see him again."

"They are old and almost helpless."

"I did not make them so, M. le Curé, and I cannot see that I am called upon to return to them if Jean is gone. I would go crazy up there. I thought Jean would be so glad to have me back—poor fool that he was—that I could persuade him to go to Paris, where there is some life?"

"What could Jean have done in Paris?"

"Some kind of laboring work. I could have helped. We might have lived, really *lived* then."

"You would have left him very soon."

"Perhaps," she replied carelessly. "I cannot say. But why speak of it when it cannot be? I came down by the late diligence, so as not to be seen by the scandal mongers until I had learned from you what chance I had with Jean. But now it does not matter. I shall walk to Monsaupin and take the train for Paris."

"Have you suffered great hardship, Madeleine, since you left your husband?" asked the curé.

"Oh, yes, quarrels and beatings—and worse. But I have always had enough to eat, and I have seen something of the world. I came all the way from Mexico on a freight steamer which landed at Cherbourg. Helping the Stewardess—dirty work, sometimes. Small wages, but enough to eat. Anything, M. le Curé, to get back."

"Have you any money?"

"Twelve francs."

"Very little. Are you hungry?"

"I have had nothing to eat since morning."

The priest left the room, returning in a few moments with his mother, who carried a tray, covered with a clean cloth, on which was a plate of white bread, some cheese, a few grapes, and a glass of wine.

"Well, Madeleine" said Madame Véronique, quietly placing the food on a small table. "You do not seem to have thriven."

"And you do, Madam. You have grown stout," replied the woman, throwing off her cloak and taking her seat at the table, with her back to the others.

At a sign from her son Mme. Véronique left the room. The priest once more seated himself in his chair waiting till his guest had finished her meal.

As she turned from the empty tray, saying, "That was very good. I enjoyed it. Thank you, M. le Curé, now I must be going."

"Not to-night, Madeleine, there is no diligence at this hour."

"Oh, yes,—I shall be all right—I did not come by the diligence,—I did not care to be recognized in case Jean would not be willing to receive me. I know how the gossips wag their tongues."

"How did you come then?"

"I walked."

"You walked from the station at R.?"

"It is not far, only five miles, and I am strong."

"But it is growing late, Madeleine, and the night is very dark."

"So much the better, no one will know me. I am not in the least afraid."

"Madeleine," he said, "if I thought I could depend upon you, I might be able to help you." She laughed.

"But you could not, M. le Curé," she replied. "I promise nothing."

"And your child? You have not mentioned her."

She came and stood directly in front of him. "She is not my child," she said.

"Not your child?"

"No, M. le Curé. You will remember I went to the hospital at C. I thought it would be a diversion for me—and Jean was willing. He was crazy for a child. My baby died the day it was born, and the same evening a poor mother gave me her child. I wanted to do that much for Jean."

"Who was the woman?"

"The widow of a most excellent workman—a painter who was killed by a fall from a scaffolding. You can hear all about them from the Parish of St. B."

"So she is not your child. Thank God!" exclaimed the priest involuntarily.

"Thank you, M. le Curé," said Madeleine with her scornful little laugh. "I must go now. Good night."

The priest opened a drawer in his secretary and took out a twenty-franc piece. "Take this," he said. "It will help you a little."

"No," she answered again scornfully. "I decline it. It was meant for the worthy poor, so I've always heard."

Father Sylvain laid his hand on her arm. "Madeleine," he said, "will you not come for a few moments to the church for a little prayer? The Blessed Sacrament is there."

"I know it, and that is why I will not go," she answered. "I am no hypocrite, M. le Curé."

She unlocked the door and went out. The priest stood on the threshold watching her tall shapely figure until he could see it no longer. Then he walked slowly across the garden to the little church, where he knelt for a long time before the altar. The lamp of the sanctuary began to flicker, he arose, filled it, and left the church. His mother, kneeling by her window from which she could see the altar, watched him until he reentered the house. She heard the key of the outer door turn in the lock with its usual rasping sound, then she softly closed the window.

(To be continued)

Lincoln in the Making

(Continued from page 441)

Ohio without a license. His keen wit showed itself. He seems to have been his own attorney, and he pointed out the fact that he had rowed the people only to the middle of the stream, and not across. He was acquitted. Next came the first big adventure in his life, a trip on a flat boat down to New Orleans. On his return, the migratory spirit again took possession

of the father. Reports of the fertile soil in Illinois drew the parent further westward, and in 1830 the family left for a new state.

The way led slowly northward and westward, to where historic Vincennes gave them a place to cross the Wabash to the state of Illinois. Here Lincoln saw the new Catholic Cathedral, with its tall, graceful spire. Here he probably saw his first printing press. In leaving Indiana he was leaving the burial place of his mother. He took with him the great principles he had learned at her knee, he took with him the splendid health and constitution which his simple life and rugged work had given, he took with him the laudable ambition of advancing in life, of working for the higher ideals.

It was in this formative period that Lincoln received the deep religious nature that was his. To a Catholic, the religious principles found in Lincoln's life will seem rather vague, but we must remember the pioneer circumstances of the time. The best summary of Lincoln's religion is probably that given by Rev. W. E. Barton, author of 'Life of Abraham Lincoln.' 'Abraham Lincoln had a deep religious nature and a genuine Christian faith. I have summarized his creed in his own words as follows: 'I believe in God, the Almighty Ruler of nations, our great and good and merciful Maker, our Father in Heaven, who notes the fall of the sparrow and the number of the hairs on our heads. I recognize the sublime truth announced in the Holy Scriptures and proven by all history that those nations only are blest whose God is the Lord. I believe the will of God prevails. Without him all human reliance is vain. Without the assistance of that Divine Being I cannot succeed. With that assistance I cannot fail. I have a solemn oath registered in heaven to finish the work I am in, in full view of my responsibility to God, with malice towards none; with charity to all; with firmness in the right as God gives me to see the right. Commending those who love me to his care, as I hope in their prayers they will commend me, I look through the help of God to a joyous meeting with many loved ones gone before.'

Life

M. E. WATKINS

A friend to-day asked with a smile,
"Tell me, friend, is life worth while?"
"Ah, friend," I said, "life seems to me
Just one big smile, from what I see."
Light is that smile, expressing life's course,
Love is the cause, God is the source.
That smile we find in all things bright,
A living sun, the purest white!
Life is the Soul, clad in a smile,
The perfect God, that's all worth while!

Our First Saints

HARRY W. FLANNERY

IMAGINE black savages with rings in noses and ears, screaming in a strange tongue and waving shining spears as they dance to the thump of tom-toms. Imagine the chill of a country covered with three and four feet of drifting snows and located along the banks of rivers caked with ice.

Combine, if you can, these paradoxical pictures of the natives of an African jungle and a country with an Alaskan temperature and you will have some idea of the country into which our first American missionaries came, into which came those eight men who will be the first American saints, (provided, of course, that they are proved worthy of advancement to that gloried state),—the blessed Isaac Jogues, John Brebeuf, Anthony Daniel, Gabriel Lalement, Charles Garnier, Noel Chabanel, Rene Goupil and John Lalande.

Theirs is a glorious story, but for us in our comfortable twentieth century it is hard to visualize. To us, the Indians that once roamed these forested lands are the silent, unobtrusive remnants of a vanishing race or they are the romantic peoples of a "Wild West" moving picture. To us, the winters of a northern New York and Canada, are comfortable days in large fur overcoats or beside steaming radiators.

Even in our reading of early American history and the story of Columbus, the Pilgrims, Lord Baltimore, and William Penn, our conception of the Indian is not made applicable to the story of these venerable men. Columbus, the Pilgrims, Lord Baltimore, and William Penn did not come along into unwelcomed lands. They came with hundreds of others, armed. They came into a region of comparatively mild temperatures, the West Indies, Maryland, and Pennsylvania, and when they came into the bleak New England they built cabins where they sat before roaring fires.

But the eight missionaries and their brothers came into the cold territories of the St. Lawrence in lone twos and threes, suspected, feared, armed only with their holiness. They slept in no well-heated cabins but often on the cold bare ground with frequently no more than a blanket to protect them from the snows.

Much of their story comes to us directly from their own pens. "The Jesuit Relations," which are reports of these missionaries to their superiors in France, tells us a vividly complete story of their life and their work. They tell of privation, hunger, cold, smoke, filth, weariness, labor, hardship, torture, and death, and they are the

most accurate story we have of the life of the American Indian when the first white men came.

The time was the first half of the seventeenth century, a period that was particularly noted for men of large intellectual, literary and artistic stature. In that time, you remember, were Shakespeare, Bacon, Milton, Corneille, Cervantes, Richelieu, Gallileo, Pascal, Descartes, Murillo, Rubens, Reni, Rembrandt, Velasquez, and many others, names familiar to all of us. But the names of these eight martyrs are not familiar, although they chose a sphere of endeavor much loftier than that of any of the men named, because their stage was the hidden, unknown lands of a far country.

The scene of their work was the Ontario country and to the south through what is now New York State. They were nine hundred miles from Quebec, from which they started out each time by canoe and on foot. They paddled the St. Lawrence as far as it would take them, and on reaching its rapids, carried baggage and canoe through woods and over hills often as far as ten or twelve miles. The dangers and difficulties were many.

During all weathers, the missionaries slept in the open air. They were bothered by vermin, often attacked by hostile tribes of Indians and frequently subjected to dangers because of misunderstandings with a people whose tongue they were but learning. But these men were



ISAAC JOGUES

"This day the Blessed Virgin Mary presented the Child
Jesus in the temple;

A LIVING AT

Placidus O. S.



ursting with effulgent splendor through the crimson drapery of the eastern sky, the morning sun gilds the pinnaced roof of the Lord's majestic temple on Mt. Sion, and, reflected thence, streams in a flood of golden light upon the pious, praying pilgrims, hastening to pay their vows at the morning sacrifice in the national shrine. In the midst of this throng walks a beauteous maiden-mother of fifteen summers, her fond maternal gaze fixed in rapturous contemplation on the baby Face that smiles at her from between the sheltering folds of her pale-blue mantle. Beside her walks her sainted virginal spouse, absorbed in prayer, bearing in a small wicker basket their offering to the Lord,—a pair of turtledoves. In the golden light of the new-born day, these two children of Israel, Mary and Joseph, are but a poor wedded pair, worthy of a mere passing notice or thoughtless salutation. But in the light of faith the Babe in His Mother's arms is none other than the Light of the World, Light of Light, coequal in beauty and majesty to, and coeternal with, the Father and the Holy Spirit, Who dwell in an inaccessible region of corruscating light, Who are clothed with light as with a garment, Who are an immeasurable sea of impenetrable light, whence all life and light and beauty have their origin, and a molten furnace of divine Fire, in which the refined creature is fused with his Creator.

This Child comes to offer Himself for us in His temple at the hands of a creature next to Him in dignity and worthiness, Mary, His immaculate Mother. Her arms, consecrated by frequent contact with His sacred limbs and pulsing with His own redeeming life-blood, will be His first altar stone, and Mary, His first priest. Often during her stay in the temple has she seen a meek, innocent lamb slain to the Lord, and by frequent attendance at the prophetic sacrifice learned the sacred rite. In the sanctuary of her stainless soul she has daily immolated herself as a holocaust of sweet savor to her God. During forty days by maternal intuition she has read the secrets of the Sacred Heart of her Infant God and learned



"And Simeon, filled with the Holy Ghost, took Him up into his arms, and blessed God for ever and ever."—
Antiphon at the *Magnificat*.

ALTAR STONE

acidus O. S. B.

from His secret whisperings the ritual of this divinely invented mode of sacrifice. Her soul is fused with that of the Victim; her heart beats in unison with His; her will is knit with the Divine. With unutterable humility, self-annihilating adoration, adequate praise, God-pleasing thanksgiving and propitious atonement she offers up her innocent, spotless Lamb to the heavenly Father as a holocaust, a sin- and peace-offering for sinful man.

Mary is the first priest, Simeon the second. From the youthful, ruddy, love-pulsing arms of the Mother the Child passes to the age-stiffened, pallid, trembling hands of the hoary priest,—His second living altar stone. With holy Joseph and devoted Anna we witness this touching scene and are seized with a holy envy of their grand privilege.

Then Mary seems to whisper to our soul: "Look up." As we raise our eyes from the words of the Mass of the Purification in our missal that have carried us back in spirit to the temple of Jerusalem, we see in the multicolored rays of the morning sun, streaming through the stained-glass window in the altar-crowned apse of God's new temple, a priest elevating an immaculate wafer in his anointed hands. But the light of faith, piercing this breadlike veil of the Victim, shows us the Babe that of old was first offered on Mary's arms. Again Mary whispers: "My child, why envy my privilege, since yours is much grander. You, too, can offer up *your* Victim in union with the priest at the altar. Not into your arms, but upon your tongue and in your heart will my Child be laid,—His third living altar stone. On the altar of your heart you can offer Him to the heavenly Father not once, but many times; not once a day but a thousand times; not one day only, but *every* day. Do you still envy me?" Our cheeks mantled with the blush of shame and ardent longing to receive our God, we bow our heads, strike our breasts, and in lowly humility exclaim: "O Lord, I am not worthy." And with Simeon we sing: "Now dost thou dismiss thy servant, O Lord, according to thy word in peace; because my eyes have seen thy salvation, which thou hast prepared before the face of all peoples."—(St. Luke 2:29.)

strong in the belief of their mission and they persevered to the end.

For men like Father Noel Chabanel, the youngest of the Jesuit martyrs in this country, the struggle was poignantly hard. Life among the Indians was a constant trial for him. This gentle man found difficulty in learning their tongue, could not contemplate their habits without disgust, and until the end could not become accustomed to the unvarying meals of ground maize and to sleeping buried in the snows of a northern winter. But the brave priest bound himself to the work by a fervent vow to God to remain among the Indians until death.

All of the priests made a study of the best means of finding favor with the Indians. In one of his letters, Father Brebeuf gives a list of instructions for the guidance of other Jesuit priests planning to follow the same work.

"To conciliate the savages," he wrote, "you must be careful never to make them await for you in embarking.

"You must provide yourself with a tinder box or with a burning mirror, or with both, to furnish them fire in the daytime to light their pipes, and in the evening when they have to encamp; these little services win their hearts.



GABRIEL LALEMENT

"You should try to eat their sagamite or salmagundi in the way they prepare it, although it may be dirty, half-cooked and very tasteless. As to the other numerous things which may be unpleasant, they must be endured for the love of God, without saying anything or appearing to notice them.

"It is well at first to take everything they offer, although you may not be able to eat it all; for when one becomes accustomed to it, there is not too much.

"You must be prompt in embarking and disembarking; and tuck up your gowns so that they will not get wet, and so that you will not carry either water or sand into the canoe. To be properly dressed, you must have your feet and legs bare; while crossing the rapids you can wear your shoes, and in the long portages, even your leggings.

"Do not undertake anything unless you desire to continue it; for example, do not begin to paddle unless you are inclined to continue paddling. Take from the start the place in the canoe that you wish to keep; do not lend them your garments, unless you are willing to surrender them during the whole journey. It is easier to refuse at first than to ask them back, to change or desist afterward."

Another of Father Brebeuf's letters tells of the Huron villages and of the dwellings in which they lived.

"I cannot better express the fashion of the Huron dwellings," says this letter, "than to compare them to bowers or garden arbors, some of which, in place of branches and vegetation, are covered with cedar bark, some others with large pieces of ash, elm, fir or spruce bark; and, although the cedar bark is best, according to common opinion and usage, there is nevertheless this inconvenience, that they are almost as susceptible to fire as matches. Hence arise many of the conflagrations of entire villages.

"There are cabins or arbors of various sizes, some two brasses in length (a brass is a little over five feet); others of twenty or thirty or forty; the usual width is about four brasses, their height is about the same. There are no different stories; there is no cellar, no chamber, no garret. It has neither window nor chimney, only a miserable hole in the top of the cabin, left to permit the smoke to escape. This is the way they built our cabins for us."

Several families occupied a hut without regard to privacy and often the little hole at the top was so insufficient for ventilation that smoke choked the inmates. Furthermore, the Indians were often filthy in their habits, but the missionaries complained about none of these things. They went about their work as unnoticing as if the huts were palaces, visiting

the sick, tending the aged, learning a few new words of the language and telling their story of the Christ.

These inconveniences were nothing, however, compared with the almost insurmountable task of influencing the mind of the Indian to Christian habits of thought and act. The most troublesome obstacle to the success of the missionary was the sorcerer. Ages of power had given this man tremendous hold over his people. He was the wise man of the village, the one to whom the tribes turned for guidance in habits of life and for interpretation of the mysterious. He wrought spells and charms in honor of evil spirits; he secured the support of his fellows by terrorizing them, and he made superstition prevail even among the most shrewd.

When the missionaries came, the sorcerer directed all his energies against them. He made the Indians believe that to be baptized was to become the victim of a spell, with the result that the priests were for a long time careful to baptize only those who were dying. He blamed all misfortunes upon the influence of the missionaries. When a blight came on the corn, that was their fault. When the village was visited by an epidemic, the priests had caused that, and even when enemy tribes attacked and killed, the priests had been the evil influence there, too. The battle was between representatives of evil spirits and representatives of the good God.

Such conditions made saints of the men, for they realized that only by lives of heroic example ending even in death could they convert the savages. They had to persevere and hope while enduring privation, suffering and hardships only suggested by the accounts that have reached us. Some of the tortures are described by Father Jogues in the Relations. He wrote, for instance, of the capture by Iroquois of Rene Goupil, some other French laymen, some Huron Indians, and himself, while on their way to Canada for supplies. Others in the party were William Couture, another Frenchman; Eustace, a Huron chief, and Paul, Joseph, two Stephens, Charles and Therese, other Huron Indians. Couture was held captive two years; Eustace, Paul and Stephen were put to death; Joseph, the other Stephen and Charles finally escaped, and Therese, pupil of the Ursulines at Quebec, was later adopted by the Mohawks, without, however, losing her religion. They were all captured near Three Rivers, about August 1, 1642, and during the next thirteen days were taken over Lake Champlain, Lake George and Saratoga Lake to Ossernenon, now called Auriesville, on the south bank of the Mohawk River in New York State. They were clubbed; their fingers were bitten and mangled; Jogues was strung up to a post; their wounds were

rubbed with sand and left open to the heat, cold, and weather.

"During the thirteen days that we spent on the voyage," Father Jogues wrote, "I suffered in the body torments almost unendurable, and, in the soul, mortal anguish. Hunger, the fiercely burning heat, the threats and hatreds of these leopards, the pain of our wounds,—which, for not being dressed, became putrid even to the act of breeding worms,—caused us, in truth, much distress."

Following an account of his being made to run the gauntlet naked between two rows of Iroquois armed with horny sticks, he said:

"Our bodies were all livid and our faces all stained with blood. But more disfigured than all was Rene Goupil, so that nothing white appeared in his face except his eyes."

Rene Goupil, who was a young surgeon, was the first martyr killed. He was tomahawked for making the sign of the cross over a child. Jogues escaped death at that time after a year of imprisonment, being rescued by the Dutch stationed at Fort Orange, new Albany. Before he left the territory of the Iroquois, however, he discovered the remains of young Goupil and gave him a Christian burial. Goupil's death occurred September 29, 1642.

The missionaries were divided into two groups, one under Father Jogues and one under Father Brebeuf. Father Brebeuf was the first



JOHN DE BREBEUF

to arrive in Canada, starting work among the Hurons there in 1634. Among the martyrs in his party were Anthony Daniel, Gabriel Lalement, Charles Garnier, and Noel Chabanel. John Lalande, a layman, was the other martyr member of Father Jogues's party.

Although Brebeuf and his men were the first to arrive in the new country, the first death occurred among the followers of the Blessed Jogues when Goupil was tomahawked at Ossernenon. When Father Jogues came to America he was only twenty-nine years old, having become a novice of his order when seventeen, and he was ordained early in 1636. He left for the Huron country on St. Bartholomew's Day, August 24, 1636.

After Father Jogues had been rescued by the Dutch of Fort Orange, he went back to France where he secured permission from the Pope, Urban VIII, to say Mass with his mangled fingers. "It would be wrong," his Holiness is quoted as saying, "for a martyr of Christ not to drink the Blood of Christ." Early in 1644, Father Jogues returned to New France and was soon again at Ossernenon, where he hoped to conquer the antagonism of the Iroquois with persevering efforts of good, but he did not succeed. When he left Ossernenon the year before, hoping to return later, Father Jogues left a box containing some of his belongings, presumably an altar service, behind him. During his absence, however, a blight fell upon the crops and there was much suffering in the camp, all of which was attributed to the presence of the box. Accompanying Father Jogues was his faithful companion, Lalande.

"The very day of their coming," says a communication in the Relations, "they, the Iroquois, began to threaten them, saying, 'You will die to-morrow; be not astonished. But we will not burn you; have courage; we will strike you with the hatchet and will set your head on the palings, so that when we capture your brothers, they may still see you.'"

This is what happened. Father Jogues was killed as he was entering one of the cabins, and Lalande was killed soon afterward.

In his book on "The Jesuit Martyrs of North America," Father John J. Wynne, says that each of the martyrs had his distinctive characteristic. That of Lalande, he said, was fidelity; that of Father Jogues, meekness. At the same time, Father Wynne writes, Jogues was fearless. "Shy in manner and diminutive in person, he was still a man for emergency. He leaped into a wild stream to save an Indian woman and her baby. He leaped into the fire in which the Mohawks were burning a woman captive in order to baptize her."

The other leader of the martyrs was not shy nor diminutive; he was the very opposite, a

giant physically, commanding in appearance and with the strength of an ox. In fact, Father Brebeuf often interpreted his name as meaning "ox," and he commented that he was fit only for the menial tasks of such an animal. But at the same time, Father Brebeuf was gentle, and he became increasingly kind to the Indians as they inflicted tortures upon him. Being of extraordinary physique, he was able to undergo sufferings even more terrible than those suffered by Father Jogues and his companions on their thirteen days' trip through the lake regions of New York State. The Indians beat him with clubs, pierced and cut his face with hot irons and put hot irons around his neck. They cut his lips and seared his tongue when he uttered prayers; they gouged out his eyes and burned the eye sockets when he glanced prayerfully to heaven.

The story of the death of Father Brebeuf is related by Christian Hurons who returned to the home of the dead priest to tell what had happened. "Echon," an Indian said to Father Brebeuf, "thou sayest that baptism and the sufferings of this life lead straight to Paradise: thou wilt go soon, for I am going to baptize thee, and to make thee suffer well, in order to go the sooner to thy Paradise." His scalp was torn off, it is told, and over his head three kettlefuls of boiling water were poured. Father Wynne says, "Enraged at length by his endurance, one of the savages cut out his heart and devoured it, whilst the others, as a courage potion, drank his blood."

The capture occurred March 16, 1649, when Father Brebeuf was fifty-six years old, having become a Jesuit in 1617 and ordained in 1623. Gabriel Lalement was captured at the same time and exposed to similar tortures. Although frail of body and highly sensitive to pain, Lalement did not die until the next morning, lingering all night in pain, and at last meeting his death when the savages chopped off his head. The bodies of both were later discovered by other members of the order, who took the bones back to Quebec, where they are still preserved in the Hotel-Dieu.

The first martyr in the party of Father Brebeuf was Anthony Daniel, native of Dieppe, born in 1601. Father Daniel was killed on July 4, 1648, soon after he had finished Mass, at St. Joseph's, a mission established by himself and Brebeuf. His body was thrown into the fire which destroyed his church, following an Indian attack.

The other two martyrs were Charles Garnier and Noel Chabanel. Father Garnier was born in Paris in 1606, became a Jesuit in 1624, and was ordained eleven years later. His death occurred December 7, 1649, when the Iroquois, who were on the warpath against the Hurons,

attacked the village of St. John the Evangelist. To divert attention from the village, the Huron warriors had forsaken it and planted themselves in a position where they expected to be able to attack the enemy by surprise. They gave the village as much an appearance of desolation as possible, but the Iroquois avoided the ambushed Hurons and began their attack on the village without diversion. They fell upon the women and children unmercifully and set fire to huts and church. In spite of his danger, Father Garnier went from one hut and group to another, to give the last rites and sacraments to the dying Hurons. After a time, he became unconscious from his wounds, but soon again started up, trying to drag himself to another dying Huron. As he began the slow journey, however, direct aim was taken at him by Indians who knew and hated the priestly robe, and he was killed, while his robes were taken away as trophy of his death. His bones were also taken to Quebec, where they are venerated with those of Brebeuf and Lalement.

"Two days after the taking and burning of the village," says a letter in the Relations, "its inhabitants returned, who after having discovered the change of plan which had led the enemy to take another route, had their suspicions of the misfortunes that had happened. But now they beheld it with their own eyes; and at the sight of the ashes and the dead bodies of their relatives, their wives, and their children, they maintained for half a day a profound silence,—seated after the manner of savages, upon the ground, without lifting their eyes or uttering a sigh,—like marble statues, without speech or sight, and without motion. For it is thus the savages mourn,—at least the men and the warriors."

About the same time, the gentle Father Chabanel met his death, while going from the village of St. John to the Island of St. Joseph, accompanied by seven or eight Huron guides. At midnight, November 9, 1649, while he was praying and his guides were sleeping, the war cry of the Iroquois was heard. He woke the Hurons, urging them to flee, and they all made off together. The effort was harder for the slight physique of Father Chabanel than for the Indians, however, and he fell exhausted several times. On these occasions, the Hurons would have helped him on, but he urged them to go and secure their own escape at least. An Iroquois later confessed to the murder of the valiant Father Chabanel and to throwing the body into the swift current of a river, from which it was never recovered.

As he fell for the last time, Father Chabanel turned to his companions and said: "It matters not that I die. This life is of very small

consideration; but of the blessedness of Paradise the Iroquois can never rob me."

These eight holy men were declared martyrs by the Sovereign Pontiff, Pius XI, on June 21, 1925. May their canonization soon occur. In the meantime, thousands of faithful are invoking their intercession for such blessings as will manifest that these men are saints, favored of, and loved by, the God they served to the very death.

EDITOR'S NOTE:—By the following decree of the Sacred Congregation of Rites the feast of these holy martyrs becomes of nation-wide observance:

Everywhere in North America there is a great religious devotion to the invincible athletes of the faith, Isaac Jogues, John de Brebeuf and their Martyr Companions who crimsoned that region with their blood; and this is increasing so constantly that the Bishops of the United States of North America at their annual Conference decided to petition our Most Holy Lord, Pope Pius XI, for the privilege of the feast of the aforesaid Martyrs. His Holiness therefore at the instance of the undersigned Lord Cardinal Prefect of the Congregation of Rites has graciously deigned to grant that in every diocese of North America, on September 26th of each year, the feast of Blessed Isaac Jogues, John de Brebeuf and their Martyr Companions may be celebrated under the rite of double major, with the Office and Mass from the Common for Many Martyrs, except the prayers and Proper Lessons of the Second Nocturn as approved, with due regard to the rubrics—notwithstanding anything whatsoever to the contrary. October 26th, 1927.

A. CARD. VICO, EP. PORTUEN. PRAEFUS,
ANGELUS MARIONI, S. R. C., SECRETARIUS.

Visits

DOM PLACID, O. S. B.

God oft plants seeds of grace within a rhyme
That yield a crop of love in His good time.

His visits come as waves upon a shore—
He ne'er recedes e'er He returns once more.

By inspirations, grace and trials to-day
He'll come to us—which shall we—scoff or pray?

By going out from paths of worldly sin
We find Him, tabernacled, sweet, within.

We meet, embrace and speak of naught but love,
And thus as Heav'n descends earth darts above.

O Love, that thou so powerful shouldst be
That God Himself must e'en submit to thee!

Vocations to the Religious Life

ALBERT MUNTSCH, S. J.

SPIRITUAL writers generally speak of a vocation to the priesthood and to the religious life as a free gift. It is not something that comes as the reward of virtue and fidelity in God's service. God calls whom He will. Hence we generally speak of such a great grace as a "calling," a vocation. There must be no self-intrusion into the sanctuary or into the convent. God must call. He will make this desire clearly enough known to the one so called.

1. But how can I tell whether I have a call to God's special service either in the priesthood or in the convent? Let me quote a brief passage from a work on Pastoral Theology by a learned Benedictine. The passage has won the approval of eminent masters of the spiritual life. "When Divine Providence destines any one to a certain state of life, it bestows upon him, a natural inclination thereto, and gives him the dispositions necessary for the fulfillment of what that state of life implies. If inclination and dispositions are absent, we can conclude that God does not call; if they exist, we may infer that He does, and the more securely in proportion to the strength of such inclination and dispositions."

2. There is no mention of a special, direct influence brought to bear upon the soul. A positive prompting of the Holy Spirit is not needed. If the "disposition" be present, and the "inclination" there is sufficient ground on which to base reasonable hope of a "vocation." The author of the book illustrates by the case of a youth who is "indifferent towards the priestly state, or thinks lightly of its excellence. . . . who experiences a certain disinclination or dislike, or perhaps disquiet and aversion, for celibacy, prayer, the divine office, a life of recollection; . . . who is inclined to the pleasures of the world and feels more satisfaction in serving the world than God; and such a one carries not the marks of a divine vocation." On the other hand, one who holds in high esteem the state and duties of a priest, who feels himself drawn to them, who experiences pleasure and satisfaction in the service of God, in a life of chastity, in prayer, in retirement, in sacred studies, etc.—in him it is impossible to mistake the call of God.

3. Besides these qualifications it is, of course, necessary that there be also bodily and mental fitness for the priesthood and the religious life and the full approval of a competent spiritual director. For bodily health is quite necessary on account of the peculiar duties which the priest as well as the members of brotherhoods must fulfill. They must be able

to follow what is called the common life of the community and this does not always make provision for bodily infirmities. As to mental attainments, these need not be unusual, but both the priest and members of teaching orders must certainly have a good preliminary training in order to take up satisfactorily the duties of their state of life.

4. These criteria apply, with the necessary changes, for a young woman who thinks of consecrating her life to God in a religious sisterhood. If she loves the company of worldlings, if her thoughts are set on pleasure and gaiety and "having a good time," if her recreation consists largely in attendance at dances and theatres, it were foolhardy for such a person to think that she has the "dispositions" or "intention" for life of consecrated service to God in the retirement of the convent life. On the other hand, if these vanities and follies do not appeal to her, if she finds no special attraction in associating with the other sex, if she loves prayer, retirement, and the things of God, we may confidently say that there are present the "disposition" and the seeds of the vocation to the higher life, which only need careful cultivation.

As it would be a serious error to seek entrance into the religious life without having these signs of a "call" it would be equally dangerous to the soul to refuse to hearken to the still small voice where these "dispositions" be present. God has His own designs over each one of us, and we can most readily serve Him in the station where He wants us.

Parents are guilty of great wrong in refusing to let their children follow the "call" when a prudent confessor or director or friend thinks that the son or daughter has a vocation for the priesthood or the sisterhood. They may endanger the salvation of those most dear to them. On the other hand, unhappy the parent who urges or "forces" a son or daughter to take up that rigorous life of self-abnegation when he or she rebel. Unhappy the youth who, with passion unsubdued, ascends the altar of God, to promise perpetual allegiance to Him. The Church prays every day: "Thy will be done." Let us join in this prayer, asking God to give the grace of vocation to many chosen youths and maidens. But let parents be content if the call does not come to those they love. God's will be done. He will grant abundant grace to your dear ones to lead a holy life even in the midst of the world, and one day to rise up and call you blessed.

All on a Summer's Cruise

(Continued from page 447) treasures, acquired in Italy, and catch up on our sleep. To-morrow we shall be off again for Monte Carlo and Nice—mayhap, even Marseille and Paris!

Notes of Interest

From the Field of Science

—Ultra-violet rays are the invisible rays in sunlight which are very essential to health. Ordinary glass is opaque to these rays. Recently a glass has been marketed which will transmit these healthful rays. However, the Bureau of Standards calls attention to the fact that all the new glasses 'probably' still retain sufficient transparency to the vitalizing rays for therapeutic value, but points out that further investigation is necessary.

—The X-Ray moving picture has arrived. Bone movement and the beating of the heart can be shown on the screen. We may soon see what happens inside a cow,—how the grass goes in, and comes out as milk.

—The predictions of a cold summer for 1927 were not borne out by facts. The statistics of the Weather Bureau show that for the months of June, July, and August, the temperature averaged only three degrees below the normal.

—The lining in tin cans in canned goods need not worry you. The tests made by the Department of Agriculture have shown that tin in small doses has absolutely no effect on the human body.

—Surgical operations are now performed on patients only three ten-thousandths of an inch thick! Recent advance in microscopy enables the investigator to dissect living cells where the material worked on is seldom more than six thousands of an inch in diameter. The investigations into the living protoplasm which constitutes the cell has opened such a wide field that a new name has been coined. 'Micrurgy' (*micro*—small, and *ergon*—work) is now the science of micro-dissection and injection. The research work is still confined to pure science as to the problem of life, but study of cells in the past led the great Catholic scientist Pasteur to the discovery of the principles underlying present day medicine in the germ cause of disease.

—A new neon lamp of high power furnishes red light, which is most penetrative for fog and thick atmosphere.

—Marconi, the inventor of wireless, predicts that the greatest advancement of wireless in the near future will be with short waves, directive transmission, and television. With a ten meter wave length he has sent messages to Australia. The short wave length promises the best solution for overcoming static. Directive transmission concentrates the energy along certain lines or 'beams,' and is in use already for messages sent from England to Australia. Television, or 'seeing at a distance,' is still in the laboratory stage. But dreams of seeing a grand opera in your home, whilst you sit listening to the radio receiver are nearing a practical realization.

—One of the triumphs of modern chemistry and astronomy has been the prediction of new elements before they were actually found. The element helium

was observed in the sun, and later found on earth. One such prediction, however, has lately been exploded. Certainly lines in the celestial spectra has led to the prediction of a new element which was called 'Nebulium.' Recent studies in the lines given by certain elements under various conditions prove that the supposed element nebulium is nothing but the same as the earth's air. 'Nebulium' literally has vanished into thin air.

—The modern physician often takes the blood pressure of the patient. A new instrument will make an automatic chart for the busy doctor, and help in more correct readings.

—The word 'rheumatism,' used to designate pain in the joints, comes from the Greek word *rhein*, meaning to flow (*rheuma*—stream), since the Greek belief was that an inflammatory substance flowed throughout the body. Nowadays we know that most joint disturbances are the result of the circulation of germs or of poisonous substances from joints of infection in one part of the body to parts of the body in general. A recent conclusion of Mueller, director of the Medical Clinic in the University of Munich, is that the diseases of the joints and bones are as varied as the disease itself, and that we must now take a much broader view of many conditions formerly classed as rheumatism.

—Recent investigation of certain waters from medicinal springs indicate that the properties of the fresh water change somewhat as the water ages. The waters of the Saratoga Springs were also found to have a catalytic action, which means that they not only have a direct chemical action themselves, but also aid in other chemical reactions in the body.

—One of the outstanding discoveries of recent years has been that rickets can be treated successfully with sunlight and cod-liver oil.

—The persistent advocacy of spinach has lead to an increased consumption of this vegetable. It has been found rich in the vitamins so necessary for health. It also supplies calcium requisite for the building of teeth and bones.

"APPLIED" SCIENCE

—A minute lost at a railroad crossing may save all the rest of the time.

—Blessed are the poor. The poor woman pays one dollar and ninety-nine cents instead of twenty-seven dollars for a dollar ninety-nine cent hat.

—Another faith cure is often the faith in the doctor.

—If the number of poison gases continues to grow, the mailed fist may soon be a dead letter.

—The family center is often the steering wheel.

—Woman may have a small stock in words, but just think of the turnover!

—Among the types of clouds must now be numbered the Balkan war clouds.

COLUMBAN THUIS, O. S. B.

Miscellaneous

—The harvest is abundant in the Little Sunda Islands, where 20,000 natives were baptized in a year. Nearly 43,000 others are under instruction.

—Upon his arrival at Kingston, Jamaica, Rt. Rev. Joseph N. Dinand, S. J., D. D., the recently consecrated Vicar-Apostolic of that Island, was tendered a most hearty welcome by the Governor, members of the Legislative Council, the Anglican bishop, the Presbyterian minister, and several thousand people. The demonstration of welcome was like a triumph. Many of those who came to greet Bishop Dinand knew him from previous years when he labored among them as priest and missionary.

—Recently we chronicled the fact that a school in Liverpool, England, had six sets of twins. The school at St. Vincent's Convent, Cork, has double that number.

—Rev. Joseph Cataldo, S. J., who is still active at the advanced age of ninety-two, observed on Dec. 22 the seventy-fifth anniversary of his entry into the Society of Jesus. On Dec. 22, 1852, the venerable missionary entered the Jesuit novitiate at Palermo, Italy. Since 1865 he has been among the Indians of the Northwest. Father Cataldo is with the Nez Perce Indians at Slickpoo, Idaho.

—On his golden wedding anniversary Jack J. Spalding, of Atlanta, Ga., received a papal brief appointing him a knight of St. Gregory. For forty years Mr. Spalding has been a leading member of the Georgia bar and he has also been prominent in financial circles. Archbishop Spalding of Baltimore (d. 1872) was a second cousin of Mr. Spalding. Bishop Spalding of Peoria (d. 1916) was his cousin. Two of his sisters and three nieces are religious.

—Mr. and Mrs. Matthias Boylan, of Kilnallick, Co. Cavan, Ireland, crossed the Atlantic to be present at the profession of their daughter, Sister Mary Donald, who pronounced her vows as a Notre Dame Sister at Cleveland, Ohio, on Jan. 3.

Eucharistic

—It has been decided that the thirtieth International Eucharistic Congress shall be held at Carthage. The date, however, has not been fixed. In 1932 the Congress will convene in Ireland.

—The fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the Spanish Society for nocturnal adoration occurred on Nov. 3, 1927. The celebration with its impressive ceremonies lasted through a whole week. The Cathedral of Madrid, the largest church in the city, was packed night after night beyond the doors and out in the street. In the great procession, with which the solemn event closed, 30,000 people marched. Members of the royal family and of the nobility took part, as did also some exiles from unfortunate Mexico. The Blessed Sacrament, contained in a golden vessel studded with 5,000 jewels, was borne in an elaborate gilded coach. The Nocturnal Society, which now has about 101,000 members in Spain, has spread to Italy, England, and

the countries of Latin America. People of every class of society are members, even students and children.

—The liturgical movement is growing. Schools are taking it up. Academies, high schools, and colleges are enthusiastic about it. One of most popular Missals in general use is probably that of the St. Andrew Daily Missal, which is published by the Benedictines of St. Andrew Abbey, Lophem near Bruges in Belgium. One firm alone in the United States, the E. M. Lohmann Co., of St. Paul, Minn., sold 10,600 copies during the first nine months of 1927. The total sales by this Company for the past year amounted to 16,352 copies, or 5,752 copies during the last quarter of the year.

Benedictine

—The Benedictine Abbey and cloistered convent of Sainte Scholastique near Dourgne, in Tarn, one of the southern provinces of France, which was founded thirty-seven years ago, has now been completed by the consecration of its chapel of the Sacred Heart. A three-day celebration commemorated the happy event. The blessing of four great bells was performed by the venerable Abbot Roman Banquet, O. S. B., of the near-by Abbey of St. Benedict d'Encalcat, who is now eighty-seven years of age. Archbishop Cezerac consecrated the chapel, which is very beautiful with its carved choir stalls, great organ, large figure of Christ above the high altar, and its artistic stained-glass windows which were made by the nuns themselves who had been initiated in the art at the monastery school of the master glassworkers of Saint Denys.

—A signal tribute was paid to the Rt. Rev. Charles Mohr, O. S. B., S. T. D., Abbot of St. Leo, Florida, by his fellow citizens when shortly after the celebration of his silver jubilee more than one hundred members of the civic clubs of Inverness and Homosassa, in which only three Catholics live, gathered to do the venerable jubilarian honor. Although the event happened to fall on a Friday, the hosts saw to it that fish was served at the banquet instead of meat.

—The corner stone of the new Benedictine College at Corpus Christi, Texas, which the monks of Subiaco, Ark., are erecting, was laid on Dec. 11. Abbot Edward Burgert, O. S. B., and Bishop Ledvina took part in the ceremonies. The present structure, which is to be one of a group of buildings, is of reinforced concrete and rough face brick. A basement and large attic makes the building practically five stories high. According to plans the academic department of the college will be opened next September. The location is ideal. The buildings overlook Nueces Bay on the Gulf of Mexico not far from the port.

—Six Sisters of the Benedictine Convent at Covington, Ky., celebrated the silver jubilee of their profession on Jan. 1.

—Bro. Cornelius Ehrmann, O. S. B., of St. Vincent Archabbey, celebrated the golden jubilee of his religious profession recently. Bro. Cornelius was born at Laibach, Wuertemberg, on March 26, 1851.

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Our Sioux Indian Missions

Conducted by CLARE HAMPTON

The Sioux Indian Mission of Seven Dolors at Fort Totten, N. D., on the Devils Lake Indian Reservation, has been attended by Rev. Ambrose Mattingley, O. S. B., ever since the death of Father Jerome Hunt, O. S. B., the pioneer missionary at that place. The Crow Creek Indian Reservation is in charge of Fathers Pius Boehm, O. S. B., and Justin Synder, O. S. B., who reside at Immaculate Conception Mission, Stephan, S. D. Highmore, S. D., some twenty miles distant, is the nearest railway station. Father Sylvester Eisenman, O. S. B., is the founder of the present flourishing mission of St. Paul at Marty, S. D., on the Yankton Indian Reservation. He has to go to Ravinia, S. D., for freight and express.

Good News From Seven Dolors

At last we have the joyful news that Seven Dolors' new chapel is completed. A picture of the chapel appears below. Here is what the missionary writes about it: "I wish you could have been present yesterday, when nearly two hundred fifty little Indians marched into their new church. It was the anniversary of the fire that robbed them of church and school. A smile of satisfaction wreathed each little face. Nearly a hundred received Holy Communion and many a little prayer went heavenward for the kind benefactors, who under Divine Providence, gave them a fitting place to worship.

"In token of their gratitude, the children have started a fund among themselves for the purchase of a statue of the Little Flower. May she continue to find roses for them in God's big garden. She has done wonders for them already. We now have a new church, a shelter for the nuns and solid hopes that ere another winter comes, we will have a school for the little ones. We are 'putting it up' to the Little Flower. She holds the strings to many a heart, and above all, to the Heart of Him Whose love has no bounds. The little Indians are making a Novena for the intentions of all those kind benefactors whose generous aid has made the new church possible."

Christmas of 1926 and of 1927

What a change charity has made at Fort Totten in one year! Christmas of 1926 found all hearts sad and downcast by reason of the terrible disaster which robbed the deserving little Indian children, their teachers and pastor, of the buildings which meant so much to them. But Christmas of 1927 found all things changed. By dint of much scrimping and saving, and careful hoarding of the donations of kind friends, our good Father Ambrose managed to put up a church for his Indian parishioners. What a happy Christmas it was! Twice as happy as

it might have been otherwise, for adversity sharpens our appreciation of good things. The eyes that were suffused with tears the year before, shone this Christmas with unstinted joy. How blissful were the hearts of the little earnest choir singers who once more were privileged to raise their voices in the House of God! The crib that had been bought by the savings of the children, and snatched from the devouring flames of the old church, now found a welcome place in the new chapel, and how diligently the good nuns worked, to beautify the place with their dainty handiwork! Father states there is less sickness this year too, than last year, and that, coupled with the boxes of toys, candy, and clothing which arrived from kind people of many cities, made this a very happy Christmas indeed for the little Sioux children and their parents. May God bless all those who made this happiness possible, cries Father Ambrose!

What do You Think of the Picture?

Look well at the picture of the new little church your dollars have raised. Snow has fallen, and notice the bare, empty horizon on either side, looking very like the edge of the world. It gives a good idea of the loneliness of the prairie—endless, flat, empty land, with not a soul around for miles—the land of "magnificent distances," as the novels have it, and yet, we doubt not, the good missionary would rather the distances were a little shorter and the homes of his parishioners at least a mile apart, instead of forty.

Yet, his heart is where his church is, and the little rectory is sweet home when he drags his tired, exhausted feet up the front steps, and sits down in his little room beside a blazing fire with a nice, hot cup of soothing coffee at his elbow, as he reads his office. Let the winds roar outside! Let the flakes chase each other! Let the landscape be ever so empty and dreary, let the next neighbor be ever so far—here is home, here is where God has appointed him to labor, and he would not exchange places with Rockefeller!

The Paradise Within

Such is the preciousness and sweetness of a vocation—a career for God! The heart burns so with charity within, that outer things matter but little. It matters

little what we eat, or what we wear, or where we are placed—whether there is much company or little, whether the outside world cares or not. But a missionary has very little time to sit and dream or be lonely. Either he is trying to dig his way through a mass of accumulated correspondence, or someone is knocking at his door for clothing or someone is hungry and needs food, or medicine for the



New Church at Seven Dolors Indian Mission under construction

sick, or someone is dying, and must be anointed.

In winter, it is mostly the last named, since sickness abounds where the people are so poorly fed and clothed and housed. They are ill protected from the elements and undernourished, so that disease soon attacks them. When Father is gone, the good Sisters of Charity give out the clothing, and the mission is always grateful for any old clothes, shoes or underwear that people may send out. There is never too much on hand. Much want was relieved last winter by the boxes which kind people sent. Although there was very little room in which to store them after the fire, the good Sisters and Father had their rooms packed full of boxes, so that there was hardly room for the furniture. But they did not mind that. They were only too happy that they had something to give when poor Indians came to the door.

Just now, Father says, one could hardly tell which room was which, as things are all upset on account of the moving. His desk is alongside the cook stove, and the same room must do duty for office, dining room and kitchen.

Father Sylvester Makes Three Trips

Good Father Sylvester, having finished his "St. Katharine's Hall," and received back all the children that had been there the previous year, now turns his eyes to Seven Dolores, where many, many little children are unprovided with school facilities. His fatherly heart is longing to take under his roof all the poor little children possible, and not content with his own district, he takes pity on Father Ambrose's children likewise, and climbing into his machine, he makes five hundred miles in a day and part of a night, out to Seven Dolores, there to gather in some poor, shivering little "red lambs," as he lovingly calls them.

Arrived at Seven Dolores, he and Father Ambrose set out to find the destitute orphans he had come for. They were found out on the "dump," hunting for things that might be reclaimed and still put to some shred of use, or else sold for a few cents, with which to buy bread. Their faces were black, not by nature, but by contact with the grime of the dump. Dirt, rags, grime, but beneath all, the innocent soul of a child. Seven of these waifs were brought back and two kind ladies washed them up and prepared them for the trip to Marty.

"How would you like to go with Father Sylvester to school, where you will have a nice warm bed, plenty of

good food, and the loving care of the Sisters?" they were asked. "Oh my, would we!" was the reply. They were taken first to St. Michael's, where the nuns of Seven Dolores were staying temporarily, while their home was being moved beside the new church. From their humble store of provisions, and the contributions of Brother Giles, who has a garden patch in summer, the good nuns prepared a dinner that to the poor orphans seemed the proverbial "nectar and ambrosia." "Gee, ain't these scrumptious taters?" asks one. "We're having a cracker-jack of a time, haint we?" remarks another. "Geeminy crickets, this is some cabbage!" comments still another. "But wait till we get to Marty—that will be the real stuff!" Poor little souls! It takes so little to make them happy, because they have had so little in their lives. And your dollars, dear reader, are making this rescue work possible, for the good Fathers have no other means of income outside of the voluntary donations sent in by charitable souls.

The first load of "reclaimed lambs" reached their destination without mishap, except for a little "seasickness" which attacked them because of the bumpy roads, and their not being accustomed to riding. Father Sylvester made two more trips to Father Ambrose's mission, and thus, over forty little children from this district were taken care of. But St. Paul's is now filled to fullest capacity, and there are still many, many little children uncared for at Seven Dolores. The children are praying very, very hard to the Little Flower, who, by the way, is the patroness of all missions, and they feel that what she has done for them in the way of a church, she will also accomplish in the matter of a school. Let us help them to realize their wish.

St. Katharine's Hall

Father Sylvester, realizing the desperate need of so many neglected little children, some of them orphans, others with parents, but so poor that they scarcely had the necessities of life, went right ahead and built his St. Katharine's Hall, although he had but very little money to do it with. He took out a large loan, and trusted in his good friends to do the rest. Rather a precarious existence to depend on what the mail brings or does not bring, isn't it? Yet, that is what these good Fathers are doing every day; they have no other way of raising funds, and it would take too long to wait until they saved up the cash with which to build. Oh

no! By that time innumerable little souls might sicken and die, untaught and badly cared for, or raised haphazard and but half nourished in a wigwam, only to enter upon a sickly manhood and womanhood, which ends up only too often in the dreaded tuberculosis.

So let us not think, because Father managed to raise up another new building, that he is well off and needs no more help, as some erroneously think. Indeed no; he and his charges depend for daily existence upon the donations which come in the mail, and if these stopped, then the provisions would stop, coal deliveries would

(Continued on page 477)



Singing in Sioux "God be with you till we meet again" and bidding each other farewell at the close of the Indian Congress at Immaculate Conception Mission



AGNES BROWN HERING

MY DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS: Have you a copy of THE GRAIL Calendar for 1928? It is just as beautiful as any of its predecessors and contains new features besides. The picture for February is a beautiful painting of Christ at Emmaus. Christ is the central figure clothed in white garments and seated at a table holding bread in one hand. Before Him is a glass of wine and a plate with a knife. There are grapes and other fruits on the table. There are two other figures in the picture.

Three small pictures represent the Purification of the Blessed Virgin Mary on the 2nd, Our Lady of Lourdes on the 11th, and the Flight into Egypt on the 17th.

We learn also from this page that the holy season of Lent begins in February. Ash Wednesday falls on the 22nd, George Washington's birthday, Lincoln's birthday, the 12th, occurs on Sunday this year. As usual there is a Bible verse for each day.

The feast of St. Blase occurs on February 3rd. In many parishes the pastor publicly blesses the throats of those who wish him to do so. He says: "Through the intercession of St. Blase, Bishop and Martyr, may God deliver thee from all disease of the throat, and from every other evil. In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

St. Valentine's day comes in February on the 14th. Many schools observe the day with appropriate exercises and pupils are allowed to exchange valentines. It is a very nice custom, that of sending valentines, if they be pretty and not of the type to offend.

What a Boy Can Do

"What can a boy do anyhow?"

You ask. "What grand or great?"

Listen a moment, lad, I pray,

And I three things will state:

A boy can make the world more true

By kindly word or deed;

As blossoms call for Nature's light,

So hearts love's sunshine need.

A boy can make the world more pure

By lips kept ever clean;

Silence can influence just as sure

As speech—oft more doth mean.

A boy can make the world more bright

By an exalted aim;

Let one a given end pursue,

Others will seek the same.

Full simple things, those three

Thus stated in my rime;

Yet what, dear lad, could greater be?

What grander—more sublime?

—Exchange.

Do Your Best

Do your best, and be not troubled,
Should some others better do;
If your work should fail to please you,
Don't give up, but strive anew.
Do your best when in the schoolroom,
Do your best at work and play;
Do your best whate'er befall you—
Do it bravely day by day.
Do your best, be not disheartened,
Though the task seem hard and long,
God is ever near to help you;
He can make the weakest strong.
Tell Him of the work accomplished,
Ask His help to do the rest;
He can smooth the path before you;
God helps them that do their best.—Ex.



Sister of the Blessed Sacrament nursing sick Indian child at Marty, S. D.

Father

By Edgar A. Guest.

It's over twenty years and more since father went away,
And that great spirit that we loved gave up its house of clay.
And some who knew him then perhaps to-day cannot recall
The way he looked or spoke or smiled, or was he short or tall;
But I, who used to hold his hand and climb upon his knee,
Am certain there are times when he comes back to counsel me.

Time was I used to think of him as very far from here,
But now I've really come to feel that he is always near.
I don't know how to tell it, but when I have sat alone,
In some way he has come to me and made his presence known;
Not in the old familiar way when he would take my hand,
But in a fancy or a thought which I could understand.

When at life's crossroads I have stood and wondered which to take,
And good or ill depended on the choice which I should make,
It seems to me that father then has come to let me know
The way—if he were still on earth—he'd wish his boy to go.
Perhaps it's only memory, but still I seem to feel
That father's presence every day is very close and real.

Mother

Mother's out among her pinks
Givin' 'em their little drinks.
Dear old mother! All her days
She has walked in humble ways
Tendin' something small and weak—
Helpless babies, so to speak.

Sometimes babies of her own;
Sometimes other people's, thrown
On her cares because, I vow,
She just seemed to know just how;
Sometimes fluffy little chicks;
Sometimes lambs that didn't mix
With the old sheep very well.
I could set here months and tell
How she's nursed all kinds of weak,
Helpless babies, so to speak.

Don't have just such mothers now,
Seems to me. They're—well, I vow,
Not exactly natural like.
S'pose they love each little tike
After a fashion—but, that's it—
Fashion-like—a little bit
Of the pure old mother stuff
Mixed in mebbly, but a lot
Of machine stuff that they've got
Out of papers, mothers' clubs,
Congresses. O, mollygrubs!
Give us mothers of the kind
That we always useter find
Cuddlin' things that's small and weak,
Lovin' of 'em, so to speak!

—Chicago Record-Herald.

LETTER BOX

(All letters for the CHILDREN'S CORNER should be addressed to Agnes Brown Hering, Royal, Nebraska.)

Write with pen and ink (or on typewriter), not with pencil; use only one side of the paper. Your writing should be so legible that the typesetter can read your letter with ease.

Your letter should be neat. Leave a margin of one inch at the left edge of the paper and about half an inch at the right edge.

Place your name on the right and your age on the left at the top.

Use correct English; take care not to misspell any words.

Note: Some of the letters sent in this month, which would otherwise have merited a FIDELITY BUTTON, have been placed among those awarded an HONORABLE MENTION because some of the rules given above were not followed. The use of a lead pencil, leaving no margin, writing on both sides, were among the offenses.

FIDELITY BUTTON

Laura Barrer, age 17, 4919 Hirsch St., Chicago, Ill.
Dorothy Clark, age 13, 1215 10th St., Washington, D. C.

Katherine A. Gallagher, age 15, 451 W. 56 St., New York, N. Y.

Catherine A. Goecke, age 17, Augusta, Ky.

Richard E. Alvey, age 17, St. Meinrad Preparatory Seminary, St. Meinrad, Ind.

Marie Fashauer, age 12, Pewee Valley, Ky.

Susan Cottingham, age 17, Davis Hall, Mooseheart, Ill.

Mary Tumminello, age 16, 2500 Gravier St., New Orleans, La.

Mildred Hubler, age 17, 311 E. Market St., New Albany, Ind.

Betty C. Taul, Hartford, Conn.

Martha Spalding, age 9, c/o Arch Spalding, Springfield, Ky.

Marta Bowling, age 8, New Haven, Ky.

Gertrude Baumbach, age 14, 501 Fir Lane, Baltimore, Md.

HONORABLE MENTION

Arthur Cosgrove, St. Meinrad Preparatory Seminary, St. Meinrad, Ind.

Cleona Read, age 6, 316 Pearl St., Jeffersonville, Ind.

Marvin Teague, age 16, 709 Wabash Ave., Evansville, Ind.

Bernice Sloat, age 15, (7656 S. Paulina St., Chicago), St. Mary College and Academy, Notre Dame, Ind.

Gene McNeill, 211 E. 10th St., Newton, Kan.

Rose Isaac, age 12, E. P. Ave., Box 585, Norton, Va.

Madeline Ketter, age 13, 667 Elm St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Jenett Bowling, age 10, New Haven, Ky.

Dear Aunt Agnes;

Recently a girl friend of mine brought a Grail to school. Perhaps you remember my friend, she had a letter published and since then has been corresponding with several girls whom she chose to be her friends. Four of us who are very chummy have formed a "Corresponding Club," in which we correspond with as many Cornerites as we wish, when the letters are answered we bring them to school and let each other read them. I have just written to Matilda Vesonder and hope to hear from her soon.

Here I am calling you Aunt and I am not even your niece yet but I hope to become one soon. I will be proud to have you for an adopted aunt because I know you are nice.

Washington, D. C. certainly is a beautiful city with its famous and stately buildings. It has progressed very rapidly in just the last ten years. I am ashamed to admit that I have never been in the White House or the Capitol, but I hope to visit them sometime soon.

I promise to answer all letters immediately that any Cornerites either boys or girls write me. Hoping that my letter will be published and wishing you years of success, I am your niece, Dorothy Clark, 1215 10th St., Washington, D. C.

Dear Aunt Agnes:

Mother has been taking the Grail ever since it was first published, but I have never taken an interest in it until lately. I was in my baby days then and never thought to read the Grail, but now I am 12 years old and in the eighth grade and I thought it was time to settle down and take an interest in reading. Of all the reading I do, I enjoy the Grail the most, especially the "Children's Corner."

My cousin was a student at St. Meinrad College at the time the first Grail was published.

I live in Pewee Valley about fifteen miles from Louisville. Until two years ago, I was compelled to make the trip daily to Louisville, as there were no Catholic schools near my home.

Mr. J. Bacon, a Catholic convert of Louisville, donated the Catholic School at Pewee Valley and it is conducted by the Sisters of Mercy. He intended to build a fifty room building for a summer vacation home for working girls, which could be used as a school during winter months. However, Providence ordered otherwise and the day after Mr. Bacon visited the site for the building, accompanied by the contractor, he became suddenly ill and died without any written provision being made to finish the project that he had planned. Since Mr. Bacon's death his nephew has carried out part of his plans by building an addition to the school building. This addition has a dormitory and a large hall which is used for the girl's dining room in the summer, and for the plays that are given by the school children. The school has been a big asset to Pewee Valley.

The school is two miles from our home. I have two other sisters that go to school with me. We have to walk (unless we have luck in getting a ride with some person who is driving that way) because no car line runs in the direction of our home.

I will answer all letters I receive from the members of the corner, and I hope I may be received as a niece.

Your niece to be, Marie Fashauer, Grade 8, Pewee Valley, Ky.

Dear Aunt Agnes,

Although I have written to your corner before, I did not succeed in winning a Fidelity Button, so I am trying to get one this time.

I have made friends with Anna Marie Brenner, Catherine Kohlman, and Ellen Douglas Dundas. I hope to make many more.

Your new niece, Gertrude Baumbach, 501 Fir Lane, Baltimore, Md.

Dear Aunt Agnes:

I am a little late in writing. I have never heard of "The Grail" until Father Laffey, our priest at Mooseheart, brought some copies that he had from last year and let us take them and read them. I suppose it is "better late than never" for me. Katherine Brennan and I sat and read them till we had read everything that was in it. We certainly did enjoy it, too. I was reading the letters to you and wondered if I could not write too. I also noticed that there was a way to win a "Fidelity Button" and I thought I would try to get one.

I am seventeen years old and a junior in the Mooseheart High School. I thought probably that I was too old to write, but another writer said she was 19, so I

guess it is safe for me. I would like to be a "cornerite," also one of your nieces.

I have been at Mooseheart since I was nine years old, my mother, sister, and two brothers and myself came to Mooseheart in 1920. My mother died in 1921 of heart failure. I am the oldest one now and, although I do not have to support my sister and brothers, I have hopes of them becoming successful. Mooseheart also hopes so as she is training them. My sister was 2½ years old when she came to Mooseheart, so has been practically raised at Mooseheart.

Many people think that Mooseheart is an institution, but it is really a private school for the children of deceased members of the Moose. Our mother came to Mooseheart with us and lived in the buildings and cottages here and are either head matrons, assistant matrons or cooks. They stay till we graduate from high school and get our diplomas from Mooseheart so that we may go to college or else to work. We children do not have to worry about food, clothing, or anything else. It is all supplied for us. The cottages and halls are just like home, with the head matron as mother.

I have been Father Laffey's pupil all the years I have been at Mooseheart, and I certainly have learned a lot about my faith. I used to go to a Catholic school in Chester, Penna., before I came here.

I guess I am finished with my letter now for I have written along unmindful of the number of words and I hope I get my "Fidelity Button." I will answer any letters from any of the "Cornerites."

I am, Your new niece, Susan Cottingham, Davis Hall, Mooseheart, Ill.

Dear Aunt Agnes:

We have been taking the Grail for about two years. But for the want of courage I have never attempted to write to you and the Cornerites before. Although I have always eagerly waited to read the "Grail" each month. I enjoy reading "Orphan Stella" and "Hidden Gold." I am fifteen years of age. I just arrived recently in this big city of New York from Somerville, Mass. I like N. Y. very much but I miss my birthplace. I was born in Cambridge, July 10, 1912. I hope to return some time in the future to see once again old places and acquaintances.

This uninteresting letter is getting rather long so I shall close. I hope to see my letter in print. I would like to hear from boys and girls of my own age. I am closing with love to you and the Cornerites. I am your new niece, Katharine A. Gallagher, 451 West 56th St., New York City.

Dear Miss Hering,

This is the third letter I have written to the corner and haven't won a fidelity button yet. If I don't get one soon I'll lose all courage and not try again.

Just now I have been busy getting ready for examinations. I go to the Alfred E. Burr School. It is a very interesting school to visit because of the swimming pool, gym room, and also the manual training.

I got a very interesting and beautiful letter from a Catholic priest in India. I was wondering where he got my name. I forget his now but will be ready to tell you if you find out anything about him.

I remain your niece, Betty E. Taul, Hartford, Conn.

A number of copies of "The Grail" go to India, Betty. Perhaps this priest saw one of your letters—Editor.

Miss Agnes Hering,

Mother has been taking the Grail for sometime. We like it very much and now I am anxious to become a Cornerite and join your happy bunch.

I am six years old, am in the Second Grade and at present I have fourth place in class. There are eighteen nice little folks in my class.

My teacher has three sisters in Nebraska, one is in

Lincoln studying to be a nurse and her twin sisters are teaching school at Douglas and Palmyra. Some day I hope to visit your state. I hope you will claim me as your little niece from now on and I would like to hear from some little Cornerites. Of course I don't know how to write a good letter yet but I am trying very hard.—Your little friend, Cleona Read, 316 Pearl St., Jeffersonville, Ind.

Dear Aunt Agnes:

Here I am, Aunt Agnes writing to you again. This is my second letter to the "Grail" (corner).

I wish to thank you for the "Fidelity Button," which I received some time ago; and hope that you will take this letter in consideration for the new "1928" "Fidelity Button" of which you spoke in the last issue of the "Grail." I am sure pleased with the button I received a while back.

I enjoy writing to the cornerite friends; and think it a pleasing pastime.

Hoping that this letter goes to press in the next current issue of the "Grail;" and to receive one of the new "Fidelity Buttons," I am, Your nephew, Marvin Teague, 709 Wabash Ave., Evansville, Ind.

My Dearest Aunt Agnes:

Although my mother has been taking the Grail for two years this is only the first time I have written to you. Please forgive me for not writing sooner. But I assure you now I am going to write often. I would love to become a member of your Corner and also to receive a "Fidelity Pin."

I am fifteen years old and attend St. Mary Academy, Notre Dame, Ind. I suppose you have heard all about our wonderful foot ball team. We sure are proud of it. As I do not want to take up so much room for a new member, I will have to close. I will tell you more about my school in my next letter. Hoping that the other girls and boys of my age and older will write to me, at St. Mary College and Academy, Notre Dame, Ind.—My home address is Bernice Sloat, 7656 So. Paulina St., Chicago, Ill.

Dear Aunt Agnes:

I am writing to tell you how happy I am for publishing my letter in the "Grail." I have not received my "Fidelity Button" as yet. My letter was in the November issue.

I think the letters are getting better every month. I think all the boys and girls should write to it.

I have five brothers and one sister. They are all away but myself. I am hoping to see my letter in print.—Sincerely, Gene McNeill, 211 E. 10th St., Newton, Kan.

Dear Aunt Agnes:

My Mother has just subscribed for the "Grail" and we have only received two copies of it. Yet I have read and reread the Children's Corner. Not knowing what address to write to as I could not find it, I wrote to two girls asking it. One was Vera Crawford and through a mistake I lost her address. If she reads this letter, will she please write to me again? The other one is Imogene Brunner, 1620 Fauro St., New Orleans, La. They both answered promptly and I wish to thank them both.

I am 13 years of age and in the eighth grade at St. Louis School. I have blond hair and blue eyes. I would love to have some more correspondents. What do you have to do to win a fidelity button? Please answer this letter. With love to all the cornerites.—Your niece to be, Madeline Ketter, 667 Elm St., Buffalo, N. Y.

"Exchange" Smiles

"Chile, chile," warned a colored grandmother, who viewed with evident misgiving the great amount of

sugar cane that her six-year old grandson had been eating, "ain't ah done tole you time an' again dat youse eaten too much cane? Don' you know, honey, dat cane killed Abel?"

"Is your mamma there?" inquired central, who wished to obey the telephone company's rule in having an older person answer the call.

"No!" replied the little one.

"Is your big sister there?"

"No!" came the answer again. "There is no one here but grandma and me and the cat. Grandma can't hear and the cat can't talk."

"That," said the teacher, pointing out Rodkin's well-known statue, "is called 'The Thinker.' Can anyone tell me why?"

"I know, Teacher," replied Johnny. "He's been swimming and forgot where he left his clothes."

"Where did teacher take you to-day, Paul?" asked the interested mother on her son's return from a visit to the museum of natural history.

"Oh, we just went to see a dead circus," was the prompt reply.

Tommy had been to the country where he had seen marvellous things. "Why uncle has even got an electric fan to keep the hogs cool," he confided to his mother when he told her of the windmill that kept running all the time.

Table Manners in Rime

It is so hard for the little folks to be polite and orderly at meals, and they so often forget the rules with which papa and mamma try to help them to be gentlemanly and ladylike that it would perhaps be a good thing for teachers to ask their pupils to commit to memory the following rules:

In silence I must take my seat,
And give God thanks before I eat;
Must for my food in patience wait
Till I am asked to hand my plate.
I must not scold, nor whine, nor pout,
Nor move my chair and plate about;
With knife, or fork, or napkin-ring
I must not play—nor must I sing;
I must not speak a useless word—
For children must be seen—not heard;
I must not talk about my food,
Nor fret if I don't think it good;
My mouth with food I must not crowd,
Nor while I'm eating speak aloud;
Must turn my head to cough or sneeze,
And when I ask say, "If you please";
The tablecloth I must not spoil,
Nor with my food my fingers soil;
Must keep my seat when I am done,
Nor round the table sport or run;
When told to rise, then I must put
My chair away with noiseless foot,
And lift my heart to God above,
In praise for all His wondrous love.

—Indiana Catholic.

Buck up and Boost

Give a little, live a little, try a little mirth;
Sing a little, bring a little happiness to earth.
Pray a little, play a little, be a little glad;
Rest a little, jest a little, if the heart is sad.
Spend a little, send a little to another's door;
Give a little, live a little, love a little more.

—Exchange.

Our Frontispiece

The scene here depicted by Martin Feuerstein is familiar to us from the Feast of the Purification that Holy Mother Church celebrates each year on February 2. It takes us back in spirit to the day when Mary brought her Child to the temple for the first time to offer Him to God. Does it not also remind us of the day when we were carried to the church on the arms of our godmother to be dedicated to the Blessed Trinity forever by receiving the sacrament of baptism? Do we often recall the grave obligations we then assumed by our baptismal vows, whereby we entered into a solemn contract with God, which is recorded in the Book of Life and from which no earthly power can release us? Do we live up to our promise: to acknowledge God as our Sovereign Lord and to serve Him alone; to *adhere to and closely imitate our Savior and Model*; to sanctify ourself ever more and more? Now, when life is still ours and grace may be had for the asking, is the time for writing a history of our life that we shall not be ashamed to acknowledge as our own on Judgment Day.

February Twenty-Second

(Continued from page 439)

ing in weight, keeping in trim, as athletes do. It is remarkable what men will endure out of purely natural motives.

UNION WITH GOD

Added to works of penance is prayer: private prayer, at home—morning and evening and table prayer—and in church; public prayer—attendance at Mass on Sundays, holydays, and week days when possible; also attendance at public devotions: stations, Benediction. Private visits to the Blessed Sacrament, the source of all blessings, are very beneficial to the devout visitor and edifying to our fellow men. A frequent lifting up of the heart to God in aspirations, ejaculations, and indulged prayers will keep one recollected and united to God.—The means of penance and prayer suggested here will prepare one for a more worthy and fruitful reception of the Holy Eucharist. Holy Communion, then, the union of the soul with Christ in the Sacrament of His love, is the greatest possible spiritual good that can come to us. Let it be your aim especially during this holy season of Lent to observe to the best of your ability the regulations laid down by the Church for Lent, to be diligent in works of penance, to be faithful in the performance of your daily prayers, and in attending Mass and receiving Holy Communion every day if circumstances permit. A good conscience and much peace will result from a Lent thus kept.

Notes of Interest

(Continued from page 464)

—The Catholic University of Peking, which was founded two years ago by the Benedictines of St. Vincent Archabbey, has recently been approved by the

Chinese Government, which has given the University formal recognition.

—Five gold chalices were stolen from the sacristy of St. Mary's Church, Mt. Angel, Ore., where the Benedictines of St. Benedict's Abbey near Mt. Angel have their temporary headquarters during the construction of the new abbey, which replaces the one destroyed by fire nearly a year and a half ago.

—The Slovaks of Cleveland, Ohio, have inaugurated a campaign for the raising of \$500,000 with which to erect at Cleveland a Benedictine priory and high school for the education of Slovak youths.

—The recent destruction of their abbey by fire has not disheartened the Benedictines of Subiaco, Ark. The abbey and school will rise anew from the ashes of the former structure. Preliminary work for reconstruction is now under way. The Rt. Rev. John B. Morris, Bishop of Little Rock, has issued a strong appeal to his diocesans in behalf of Subiaco. More than this, he emphasized the appeal by heading the list of contributors with his personal check for \$5,000. Both the major and the minor seminary departments of the abbey school will be continued this year, and the graduating class will return and receive their degrees.

—Very Rev. Chrysostom Schreiner, O. S. B., Vicar-Forane of the Bahama Islands, where he spent nearly a quarter of a century as missionary, died at San Salvador on Jan. 3, according to a radio dispatch. Father Chrysostom was a member of St. John's Abbey in his native state of Minnesota. The deceased was born on Dec. 9, 1859. He made his religious profession on April 24, 1881; the order of priesthood was conferred upon him June 29, 1884. R. I. P.

Steps to the Altar

DOM HUGH G. BEVENOT, O. S. B., B. A.

14. The Golden Gospels

All is not vanity men crave

Beyond the turmoil of the ocean:

There is a goal for true devotion

Beside the great Apostle's grave.

It is a gift of Heaven to pray

Beneath St. Peter's amplest dome

And feel the faith come deepest home

As gospel truth in wondrous way!

Yet greater was the boon bestowed

On those the Bishop did ordain

In San Lorenzo's glitt'ring fane

With sacring hand on brows that glowed.

The Martyr-Deacon's vehemence

Of gen'rous love, that ne'er desists,

Woke in the new evangelists

Chanting words of unfathomed sense:

"Whoso doth lose, will gain his soul....

They that are last shall rank as first;

He that gives drink to them that thirst

Shall be writ in the heavenly scroll."

Abbey and Seminary

—In bear-skin coat and furry gloves came the New Year exhaling frosty fumes from the frozen plains. Mercury sought refuge at point two below the zero mark.

—With the arrival of the camels on Epiphany came the boys from their holiday vacation. How many "camels" it required for the return will necessarily go unrecorded on the pages of our annals.

—Father Ambrose, our Indian missionary at Fort Totten, N. D., paid us a brief but welcome visit on Jan. 12 and 13. Business necessitated the trip. It is a source of great consolation to him and his little "bronzed angels" that many benefactors have helped him to erect the church of the Seven Dolors at the Fort. Readers of THE GRAIL from as far away as the British West Indies sent him donations for the purpose. There still remains the task of erecting a Catholic school for the Indian children. The greater part of 300 Catholic Indian children are now attending the Government school where they are removed from all religious influence, except for such instruction as the missionary is able to give them occasionally. Father Ambrose prays that the benefactors of the missions will enable him to erect this year the much-needed school.

—A letter from Father Justin, missionary among the Sioux on the Crow Creek Reservation at Stephan, S. D., tells of the blizzards, the heavy snows, and the great cold that prevailed in South Dakota in December. In the course of his letter he recounts an episode that occurred to him on Dec. 3 while making his way to Fort Thompson, one of the outlying missions. First, there was a late start; then, when a short distance on the way, the automobile had to be shoveled out of a snowdrift; farther on, he got off the trail, which could not be seen, plunged into a gulley, and as a result had to leave "old faithful" fast in the clutches of winter; continuing on his way through the deep snow *per pedes apostolorum* (on foot) until nearly exhausted, he met an Indian astride a broncho. Through the kindness of this son of the prairies he was enabled to complete his journey and ride into the Fort "in state." Had it not been for this chance meeting, another missionary might now be sleeping the long sleep beneath a white coverlet with only the angels to watch over the body till the fleeting snow in spring should reveal its presence. God watches over His missionaries.

—Jan. 21 brought us the joyful feast St. Meinrad, martyr, under whose patronage abbey and village stand. The music for the Pontifical Mass, which was sung by the gallery choir, was both artistic and elevating.

—Rt. Rev. Mgr. Moses Maguire, class of '90, died on Dec. 27 at Newton, Kan., where he had been pastor for nearly twenty-eight years. R. I. P.

—Rt. Rev. Mgr. T. H. Kinsella, St. Meinrad Seminary, Class of '84, who was ordained for the diocese of Leavenworth, died Jan. 17. Mgr. Kinsella had been chaplain at the Ursuline Academy, Paola, Kan., for some years. R. I. P.

—The examinations for the first semester in College and Seminary closed on Jan. 28. Two days later the annual retreat opened for the students.

Book Notices

Harold Vinal, Ltd., 562 Fifth Ave., New York, announces *Stella Marvin*, by Marie Tello Phillips, National President of the Bookfellow's Library Guild. This is a "problem novel, packed with action and thronged with vivid characters who know their own minds." Price, \$2.10 postpaid.

Nature's Way, by Charles F. Clarke, (The Christopher Publishing House, Boston; price, \$1.50 net), is an interesting story that brings us back to pioneer days and the Civil War, which it describes very vividly. A. B.

That Boy Gaston, a story of French home life before the war, by Henriette Eugenie Delamare, (H. L. Kilmner & Co., Publishers, Philadelphia; price, \$1.35 postpaid), is an attractive story that brings us a good moral lesson. It is the narrative of a most stubborn lad, full of selfishness and mischief, who was finally conquered by the diplomacy of his governess and the accidental shooting of his father, who fortunately recovered after an extended illness. A. B.

Catholic Foundations in Secular Universities, by Mario Barbera, S. J., assistant editor of the *Civiltà Cattolica*; translated from the Italian by Gabriel A. Zema, S. J., Woodstock College Press, Woodstock College, Woodstock, Md. — The dangers of the Catholic Foundations Plan are well exposed in this pamphlet. May those who favor the Plan well consider such new-fangled ideas and let us always insist upon thorough Catholic education. Catholic scientists are not by any means inferior to others. A. B.

A Commentary on the Psalms. By T. E. Bird, D. D., Ph. D. 2 vols 8 vo xiv—469, 420 pp. \$6 (Burns, Oates & Washbourne, London). 1927.

Dr. Bird, the Scripture Professor at Oscott College, England, deals here very successfully with the great Song-book of Scripture. The clergy owe him a debt of gratitude for this sound and reliable work, the more so as the new disposition of the Roman psalter and Benedictine Breviary brings all the psalms much more frequently to their lips. To deepen their knowledge of the literal sense our commentator has taken great pains, working assiduously through the Hebrew and Greek texts, with some note of the Syriac, so that his background is solid. He prints full Vulgate text, followed by his own English translation, in which are embodied a number of his emendations. Appended are "Observations" of scientific character in smaller print, followed by notes for the general reader that are really graphic and well done. Each psalm is preceded by a proper short introduction on subject, authorship, application.—There are a number of smaller books that develop the devotional side of the psalms, but here we have devotional points sufficiently indicated, and besides a thorough treatment of the psalm-text such as has never yet appeared in English from Catholic hands. The style is simple and to the point. Church students and the educated laity will derive great profit from this work, which is both broad-minded and up to date. H. G. B.

School or Work in Indiana? By Charles E. Gibbons, (National Child Labor Committee, 215 Fourth Ave., New York), is a report on children attending school and also of those who work. Conditions according to the investigation are good in Indiana. Yet as in everything else there is room for improvement. A. B.



Conducted by CLARE HAMPTON

Hidden Gold

CHAPTER XX

MAUD BREAKS THE NEWS

RADIANT, and entirely exultant with her secret locked in her heart, Maud arrived home, and set to work where she had left off before she had called at the orphanage. They had decided to take a small flat, and had kept only the most necessary pieces of furniture, leaving all the rest to the creditors, so as to cover as far as possible, all their debts. She was packing their clothing, utensils, and other small articles in trunks and boxes, preparatory to moving in a day or two, and she felt suddenly very lighthearted and happy in the midst of all their ill fortune.

A good deed is its own reward, and one who soars aloft on the wings of high-minded thoughts and actions, scarce feels the bite of misadventure, because the things of earth mean too little to be minded much.

"Now!" thought Maud, as her fingers flew, folding, wrapping, pinning, tucking things neatly away, on her lips a smile. "He wouldn't let me help him, so I've done the next best thing with the money. I've bought the Lord a house for His poor, and that is a privilege not given to many—not only a home for His poor, but for His very own self, for, in the chapel He dwells in the Blessed Sacrament. I've assured a roof over His head—they cannot take it away from Him now." And her heart leaped and bounded in its happiness, and in the midst of that happiness, even the thought of her beloved mother's absence could not sadden her. Instead, she seemed to feel a sort of prophetic promise within herself, that her mother would some day be returned to her.

"I'll offer this for her return," she meditated, "and I know Our Lord will not refuse me. Some day we'll be happy again altogether; I know it!" Then she wondered how she would break the news of her deed to Jasper. "For he must be told some time. Of course, he'll scold me roundly, but that will soon pass. I will take his dear grey head in my arms, and tell him I refuse to be rich while he is struggling in a slough of debt. More than that, I will go to work and help him pay them off. I will ask him what he would have done under like circumstances, had he the choice of buying the orphanage or allowing the sisters to be turned out into the street."

Here Pom Pom came into the room and set himself down gravely to watch his mistress. He had ceased his fruitless seeking about for Madame, but at times his dog memory would suddenly seem to return to his lost mistress, and he would sniff about and whine piteously. Just now he sat and watched Maud's every movement; at last she took him up into her arms and patted him tenderly.

"What will poor doggie do when Maud's gone all day to work? Can't stay in the house all day alone. We must find someone to keep him for us." He reached up and licked her cheek in appreciation of her caresses, and then, hearing Jasper's footsteps outside, she put the animal down, and ran to open for him. The next moment she was in his arms, and then led the way gaily to the room where she was working, her heart going pitapat with the excitement of her secret. She was careful never to show any sadness in his presence, for his hair seemed daily to grow whiter, and his shoulders more stooped, and the sight wrung her heart.

"Here; let me help you reach those things down from that high shelf," he said, trying to cover his unhappiness at the dismantling of the dear home. "I'll hand the things down, and you pack them in the box. Have you very much more to do? I've ordered the moving men for Thursday. Think you can be ready by that time?"

"Sooner than that, if necessary. But Thursday is all right; we won't be so rushed then. I was just thinking, Daddy, as soon as we are settled in our new little nest, I am going downtown to find a job." Jasper straightened up with a jerk.

"What! Not if I know it! You will stay at home and be my little housekeeper. You must learn your trade, you know, so that Jim will have nothing to complain of," and he tried to laugh lightly. But Maud shook her head.

"No, Daddy; please don't forbid me. I can easily do all that's necessary in the evenings. If we both work, we can send out laundry and have a woman in once a week to clean, and the rest I can manage myself. You can help me a little if necessary."

"Oh, I'd be most willing to do that, Maudie, but I'm not sure that I'll have time. You see, it's this way. Mr. Stanton called me up this morning—he was my old boss at the commission house, you know. Said he'd read about our misfortune in the papers, and offered me my old job back if I cared to come."

"And did you take it?"

"Did I! Why, he offered me a twenty-dollar raise if I'd come back to them. You know, he told me when I left, that any time I wanted to come back, I had only to say so."

"Oh, Daddy! That will be lovely! It shows what they think of you. I am so glad somebody appreciates my dear golden Daddy like that!"

"Then I thought I would just keep on with my three other little jobs in the evening. I've been to see old Mr. Nichols, and he said it would be quite all right to take the books home and do the work. So, I am afraid I would not have much time to help you—not that I wouldn't love to; but I am afraid that it would be too much for you, working all day, and doing housework at night. You might have a breakdown." Maud smiled.

"To say nothing of yourself, Daddy. You don't seem to think keeping books for four different companies is anything out of the ordinary at all, do you? If you forbid me to go to work, I'll forbid you to take those three evening jobs. I am not going to have you working to pay off those bills for the rest of your life without lifting a finger to help you. You wouldn't accept my bequest money, so you must, simply must let me go to work. If we both work hard, we can perhaps have the whole thing paid off in a few years." Jasper smiled at her.

"I wonder if James will consent to that. Do you think he will be satisfied to wait ten years or more for you?"

"Why, Daddy, we're both young, and it won't take ten years, I am sure. It might take only five, and I will be only twenty three then. That is not long to wait. Do you think I would run off and leave you to plug by yourself? No, Daddy. You took me when I had no one in the whole wide world, and I am going to see you through all this before I give one thought to my future. James will wait; if he cannot, then his affection for both you and me would be infinitely less than I gave him credit for, and I would not value it greatly."

"Well, since you insist, I suppose I must capitulate. But anyway, I have the consolation of knowing that you are well provided for, and the longer you wait before you touch your nest egg, the higher your interest will mount." Maud was suddenly silent, and a flush mounted her cheek.

"Daddy—"

"Yes?"

"I have another piece of news for you."

"Is that so? Some more misfortune? But I am getting used to it; nothing that can happen can surprise me, or affect me greatly any more. What is your news?"

"The Sisters called up; said the Real Estate Company had decided to foreclose unless the interest was paid at once. As they did not have the money, they stood in danger of being turned out, as the company had given notice that they would not tolerate a charitable institution on their premises. Sister Elsa Marie wanted you to come down, but as you were at work, I went instead." Jasper had ceased in his work of

wrapping up electric globes, and stood staring, visibly affected.

"Well, that is a hard knock; I thought nothing could touch me any more, but this is worse than I expected. Why didn't the company advise me?"

"Well, being insolvent, I suppose they thought it was no use. Sister Elsa Marie said she would have paid it if she had the money, just to keep the property for you, but unfortunately, she could not scrape up the amount." Jasper scratched his head worriedly.

"What did you tell her?" he asked. He was puzzled by the look on Maud's face. She smiled, and looked into his eyes for a long moment before she asked:

"What would *you* have done?"

"I? Well, to tell the truth, Maudie dear, I frankly don't know. I could not see them turned into the street, but, on the other hand, everything I own is in receivers' hands, and—well, I suppose it's useless. I can't do a thing!" And he threw up his hands, and then sat down and rested his chin in them despairingly. "And to think it was I who dragged them into the place!" Instantly, Maud was at his side, encircling his head with her arms. On her lips was a glorious smile, and her eyes shone like stars.

"Daddy dear, would you be very, very angry if I told you that you need not worry about the dear nuns any more—that they are provided for—" For a moment their eyes met. Then he leaped to his feet.

"Maud! You paid it—the interest, I mean—for the dear Sisters?"

"Perhaps you will think me foolhardy, dear—but I could not bear to see the place all dismantled, the sisters and children thrown out, the chapel with its dear little white altar and golden tabernacle put to profane uses—I—I purchased the place—and—and—had the deed made out in the nuns' name. Now; you know it all, and I am gloriously poor—just like my darling Daddy Valens, who could not let me help him!" And she buried her face on his shoulder and quick tears of emotion sprang to her eyes. But he did not suffer her to remain there. He raised her and held her out at arm's length.

"Maudie! You asked me what I would have done—I ought to shake you and give you a good scolding for being so reckless with your money, but do you know what I would have done? I am afraid, if someone placed me in the same circumstances, and confronted me with such a dilemma, I would have done the same!" And he pressed her to his heart and thanked God for so noble a daughter. Soon they were looking into each others' eyes and laughing and crying at the same time. "The world would call us a pair of fools," he continued, "fools on the subject of charity, but what care we for the world? The world criticizes and condemns, but it doesn't give you anything when you are down and in need. It would call you a reckless fool, Maudie, but to be a reckless fool and spendthrift for God is about the most glorious thing I can imagine. My sorrow at the thought that you are now unprovided for is so overshadowed by joy that the dear Sisters have their own home at last, that I scarce know which is uppermost."

"I was afraid you would disapprove and be displeased with me, Daddy, but I am so happy now. I knew you would be glad for the Sisters' sakes, and so let us forget the other side of it, and think only of their ecstasy when the deed was handed to them."

"I suppose they were wonderfully glad?"

"Oh, Sister Elsa Marie cried, and begged me to undo what I had done, but, when she saw that she could not change me, she called all the other sisters, and they all kissed and hugged me, and made an awful to-do over me. She promised that they would offer an entire year of Masses, Communions and rosaries for me, and thereafter, have a Mass said every week for me, as long as the orphanage existed."

"Well done! You've purchased a through ticket to Heaven; that's what you've done. I wish I might have done as much. Some day, when I'm through with my debts, I hope to save up enough for the mission chapel to be built somewhere West among the Indians. I can't buy a whole church or orphanage like you've done; I must work on a small scale, but I figure that a humble chapel out in the wilderness where it is badly needed, will have as much merit in the eyes of God, as a grand church in the city, where there are many such houses of worship."

"Daddy," said Maud, gratefully, "I thank God He gave me you for my father, because you are so understanding, and get the point of view in all things so well. Had it been some other father, he might have made no end of trouble about it. Perhaps you do not know it, but you are a perfectly remarkable person, Daddy—just simply too golden and precious for words! That's what you are!" And she gave him a resounding kiss on the cheek.

"Yes, and if we begin mooning around like this, the moving men will be here and it will be Thursday morning, and we won't be through. And what's more, if you keep on with your flattery, my hat won't fit my head, and I haven't the money to buy a new one. So, for economy's sake, let's get to work and stop talking, before I get the 'swell head.'" And they set to work again with a will, but—did not stop talking.

"Poor Daddy! That hat you have is at least five years old if it's a day; you never would buy anything for yourself when you had the money, and now you never will. You'll keep it for ten years more, or until it falls to pieces from old age."

"Well, what's the difference?" laughed Jasper. "I'm not going to a fashion show or anything, and it's going to be mighty hard to give up my visits to Palm Lane and Emmons Street. The kids'll think I don't care for them any more, and that will hurt more than anything I can think of."

"Oh, well, perhaps one of us can spare a quarter now and then to buy them a bunch of lollypops, and I needn't give up the sewing circle that makes dresses and waists for them, and I'm sure I'll be able to buy a piece of goods every other week or so with which to make something. So we needn't quite give up our charities, even though there will be an exacting demand upon our nickels and dimes."

"No; perhaps if we pool our earnings, and budget them, we will be able to get along very nicely, and still keep up our activities, even though it must be in a small way."

"We must economize in every way, in order to pay off that debt of ours as quickly as possible. The sooner we get rid of it, the sooner we are free to do as we like."

"Yes, you are right, Daddy. I shall do all I can, but I know you are just about going to kill yourself with those three jobs of yours." But Jasper only smiled and shook his head.

"You didn't know that I was made of steel and India rubber, did you? When things press rather hard, I merely bend; I don't break. But if they get too tough, they encounter that under layer of steel, and that's invulnerable." But Maud had misgivings.

"Let us hope and pray so, Daddy." The door bell rang. Jasper went to answer it, and admitted the detective he had engaged to hunt up Madame.

"Any news?" he asked eagerly. The detective pulled out his notbook.

"Woman answering the description of your wife left here on the night of Nov. 14th, and bought a ticket for Canfield—little jerk-water town on the B. & O. We followed her up there, but no one seemed to have seen anything of a woman of her description. Of course, she might have gotten off the train at some town before Canfield. That might have been just a blind. Well, that's all, so far. We'll keep our eyes open and let you know if anything turns up. Don't worry; we'll find her."

(To be Continued)

Folding Homes

And now comes the craze for folding things. In some of the newer-built homes, we see all sorts of wonderful contraptions that fold up out of sight, leaving only a neat door or two in the wall. There are, first of all, the folding ironing boards, which, first and last, are a delight to any housewife, because they eliminate the carrying up and down cellar of the movable ironing board. At any moment, at the twitch of a finger, it is available for some impromptu ironing, and when the job is finished, presto! give the board a push, close a small door, and the kitchen is spick and span again.

Then there are folding table-and-bench contraptions. You open a double door in the wall, and out comes a natty, white-enameled table with porcelain top, and two enameled benches unfold at the same time, one at each side. Thus, one is saved the expense of buying table and chairs in the kitchen. Of course, while this will do very well for Mr. and Mrs. Newlywed, it would not quite fill the bill where the family consists of a number of young hopefuls besides the father and mother.

Then there are the built-in refrigerators, some with electric or gas refrigeration systems, others merely built into the rear wall of the house, with a door in the brick wall out on the back porch, where the ice man can deliver his goods without entering the kitchen at all.

We are having built-in buffets and dressing tables too, with plenty of mirrors and dozens of drawers to

store things in, and in the bathroom, instead of just a linen closet, we have a roomy press of drawers in which linens stay much cleaner than on open shelves.

We have long been acquainted with built-in folding beds, but architects are beginning to put this idea into use more and more, so that some day, Newlyweds will no longer have to save up for furniture; oh no. Everything will be "built-in," and all they have to do is to save up for a family "Lizzie."

Overcoming Difficulties

There are two sorts of people in the world—the weak and the heroic. The weak allow themselves to be conquered by any sort of difficulty or handicap that comes along—the strong or heroic allow nothing to stand in their way, but fight manfully to climb under, over, or around, the obstacle—and usually succeed. The weak quiver, shriek, murmur or moan when anything disagreeable hits them, for instance—sickness, disaster, loss or some other calamity, great or small. They become panicky at the least provocation, are perfectly useless in sudden trouble or sickness, and at the smallest illness or disability of their own, they moan and cry out, and expect the world to wait on them and forget its pursuits in sympathy for them alone.

There is the woman who loves the invalid pose, lying about the house and allowing others to do her work for her, when a little good, solid exercise in household duties would probably knock the pains and aches out of her. Doubtless, as a child, whenever it was time to do her hated sums, she suddenly developed a headache—so well imagined that it became real—and soon found that she could be readily excused from the distasteful work by this simple expedient. A watchful mother will soon detect the real from the false—if she discovers that these recurrent maladies appear whenever there is some distasteful job to be done, she should promptly nip this tendency in the bud, ignore the malady, insist on the work being done—or pay the penalty of having a weak-willed, dependent, selfish daughter, who might some day cause unhappiness to more than one person.

On the other hand, the strong, heroic person lets no obstacle stop him from the performance of his duty as he sees it. Take, for example, the bookkeeper with a family to support, whose right hand became paralyzed. He sat up all night practicing writing with his left, until the difference could hardly be detected; he kept his job. Another man lost the use of his limbs in the war; sentenced to his bed for the rest of his life, he supports a typewriter on his knees, and conducts a flourishing business in insurance and magazine subscriptions. A girl whose both hands had to be amputated as a result of an accident in a factory where she worked, has artificial hands. She has learned to hold a pencil, manipulate a typewriter and work about the kitchen. Another, who is a hunchback, small and deformed, is a wonderful housekeeper, and her beautiful voice fills the house from morning till night with song; nor is her face ever without a smile.

These people have learned the true philosophy of life. They have refused to succumb to serious handicaps, and

put to shame those who, with their imaginary illnesses and weak fears, constantly try to work on our sympathy. Those with real handicaps seldom ask for anyone's sympathy, but set to work with the faculties still left to them, to blaze a real trail in the world, while those shameless parasites who try to "work everyone for all they are worth," are soon forgotten—secretly despised by the very persons on whom they depended for their sympathy.

Making Housework Easy

Women, as a rule, love to clutter their homes with furniture, draperies, curtains, bric-a-brac, and whatnot, says a certain college professor, and then wear out their lives running around in an endless circle, keeping all these articles clean. He likes a nice, comfortable home as well as the next person, he avers, but it makes him unhappy and uneasy to see the woman of the house, never at rest, always running about with mop, scrub rag or dust cloth, in a never-ending battle with the enemies—dust and dirt. Why can't she sit down sometimes and leave a little friendly dust settle where it will, and enjoy a chat with her husband, or a session with her favorite magazine, or a spin in the machine, instead of saying, "Oh no; I have too much work to do?"

Of course, there are all sorts of women in the world; some of them heed the professor's words obediently enough, and believe that "life is too short to be spent with dust rags." One such woman washed dishes only once in three days, and then it was of necessity, since there wasn't another clean cup or bowl left in the cupboard. Beds were made once a week, and often, pillows were slept on without slips, because all of them were in the laundry at once, due to unsystematic management. But she knew all the new plays, and who was who in the movie world, and the best tea shops downtown, and the latest in styles.

There is a golden medium in everything. We would not envy the husband of the woman just described; how long he remained patient and indulgent, we do not know. Even the most indulgent worm will turn sooner or later. But there is still a good percentage of normal women, who love cleanliness and neatness, but the point is, to avoid being so finicky and "pizen neat" that the whole family is made uncomfortable thereby. The family that is constantly being nagged by an over-particular woman, will soon seek its pleasures elsewhere.

The mother should think of herself too. There are ways of doing things which are hard, and ways that are easy, if we only know how. Floors, for instance; they form at least one half of a woman's work in the home. But if they are treated right, the work turns to play. If floors are of hardwood, they need but be waxed now and then, and dusted with a dry mop every day. Oil cloths, if well varnished and then waxed, will remain unbelievably clean, and the weekly hard scrubbing is eliminated. Vacuum cleaners make carpet cleaning easy, and enameled furniture and woodwork that has had a coat of colorless varnish will not hold the dirt.

Even soft wood floors will be easy to care for, if first planed and sand-papered well, cracks filled in, stained and varnished with two coats of spar, and then waxed. They will be a joy. Varnished and waxed stairs are easily dusted every day, and do not show scratches. Keep entrance ways clean, and dirt will not be tracked in. Turn the hose on the cellar floor every two weeks, and the dust of ashes will not be carried upstairs on the shoes. Wipe up each stain as soon as it is dropped on the kitchen floor, and don't let it dry on. All such little careful points help to ease up the work of a house.

Cooking Hints

Vary the plain French dressing by changing the seasonings. For instance, catsup may be added, or grated horseradish, shredded pimientos, minced chives, Roquefort cheese, chopped green peppers, finely minced celery, minced parsley, chopped nuts, or chili sauce.

Sandwiches may be varied by having one slice of white, one of graham and one of rye bread, with different fillings. Cheese between one layer, and peanut butter between the other, or sandwich-spread and lettuce and ham, or chicken salad and shredded cabbage mixed with French dressing and catsup. Or sweet spreads may be substituted: currant jelly on one layer and peanut butter on the other; dairy butter and apricots stewed in syrup; sweetened and flavored whipped cream and chopped canned cherries. The combinations are endless. Sandwich-spread is nothing more than mayonnaise mixed with chopped pimientos, sweet pickles, and celery. It makes a very good combination with any sort of cold sliced meat.

Household Hints

When the carpet sweeper wheels become worn and glossy, refusing to turn the brush, have the "handy man" take off the wheels and glue on strips of inner tubes cut to exact sizes of wheels. Or you can easily do it yourself. If the brush is worn, and the rest of the sweeper good, just buy a new brush and insert, giving the sweeper a new lease of life.

To avoid chairs scratching hardwood floors, purchase rubberheaded tacks and nail one under each chair leg. They will make less noise too.

Turn pages in valued books may be repaired by pasting on thin waxed paper.

To make a bowl of greenery for winter, cut sweet potatoes in halves and place in shallow dish in water. Or save watermelon seeds and plant in two inches of earth, very thickly, keeping watered and in a sunny window.

Don't fail to have something fresh and raw and uncooked every day in the diet—something that came untouched from Nature's workshop. In winter one is apt to depend too much upon the store of preserved foods down cellar. Lettuce and cabbage and apples can always be had and are always quite cheap. Combine canned fruits with fresh, and to-day it is "in style" to eat your lettuce with the salad.

Old pongee curtains may be dyed and used for drapes. You will then have the advantages of having the fringe match the drape exactly.

Old gas globes may be used for hanging baskets by putting a mason jar lid in the bottom, filling with soil, vines and plants, putting a wire or chain around the upper part, and attaching to hanging chains. They may be enameled to match the room, too, and make a pretty, inexpensive decoration.

Clean linoleum with olive oil and vinegar instead of soap. It will never crack. Mixed with salt, it will remove marks of hot dishes on polished tables.

Our Sioux Indian Missions

(Continued from page 466)

stop, the feed for the livestock would stop, and the undernourished kiddies would not have the milk they so sorely need.

We are glad to know that St. Katharine's Hall has so many windows, and that on bright days, it is flooded with sunlight, so necessary for the weak, underweight lambs Father has gathered in. He has had a few show-ers put in, which, besides the tubs, will help to keep the kiddies clean. It is a big family to care for. Any father of a family can well imagine what it means to keep 200 children in clothes, shoes, food, and medicine. The big girls run the sewing machines, make kraut, can tomatoes and whatever other vegetables managed to survive the summer's heat and drouth out in the truck patch, which this year, Father says, was a bit more successful than last.

They wash and wipe the dishes too, and make up the nice white beds, which to them must seem heavenly, after the makeshift cots and ground-floor beds in their rude homes. The boys do many chores, and print, fold and mail out the interesting little paper, "The Little Bronzed Angel," which Father Sylvester edits. The subscription price is \$1.00 per year, and those who subscribe, and get new subscribers, are helping the mission to stand on its own feet.

Immaculate Conception Mission

This mission is doing wonders, after having had a set of disasters which would disgust the stoutest heart. Three times the mission buildings were wiped out—twice by fire, and once by tornado, and yet, they have risen again, Phoenixlike, from the ashes and ruins of the old, and flourish again, in spite of all the setbacks. You cannot discourage a missionary. He takes his crosses with bowed head, and with a humble "Thy Will be Done," rises and begins to build right over again. Father Ambrose was in two of these fires at Immaculate Conception, before he was transferred to Seven Dolores. He is an old colleague of Father Pius Boehm's, who, with Father Justin, are doing such wonders at Stephan, South Dakota.

This mission is not self-supporting, and exists, like the other two, principally by the donations of kind friends. The amounts that are received through organized charity, societies, etc., are negligible, and would not suffice to run the mission a month. Does this not show that Almighty God visibly blesses these institutions, depending thus wholly upon Providence, sometimes not knowing where the next dollar is coming from, with which to meet a large, necessary bill? God never fails the missionaries; they are the darlings of His heart. Often, just in the nick of time, when a creditor is clamoring for payment, He inspires some charitable soul or souls to send the amounts needed.

